

Women We Love Esquire

Man at His Best

OCTOBER 2002

67 Great Women

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- ▶ Forbidden Women
- ▶ The Fine Art of Nude Photography

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A man, a woman, and a man are sitting on a brown sofa in a large pile of dry, brown autumn leaves. The man on the left is wearing an orange patterned jacket and blue jeans. The woman in the middle is wearing a dark coat. The man on the right is wearing a dark jacket with a red collar and dark pants. A large, dark, open umbrella is held over them. The background is a wall of bare, light-colored branches. The word "Façonnable" is written in a cursive script in the top left corner, with a small bird icon above the letter 'a'.

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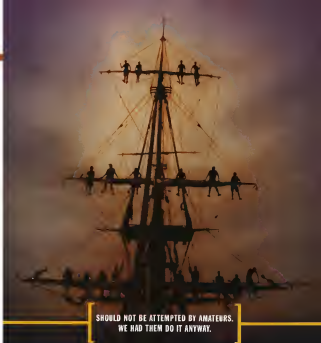
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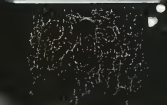
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Women We Love

108 JENNIFER ANGSTON she looks fantastic, of course, and her pictures alone will break your heart. But then you have service in vogue—until brother you're about to fall in love. She'll crown words on belly dancing. Karaoke. Mr. Parnes's English class. And a laugh the pleasures of abstinence. *Unpacking at 5:00 a.m. to stand in line to meet* Darren Davis. **K3 TORO to CAL PUEBLO**

114 FIVE MORE WOMEN WE LOVE From a precious country singer now grown up to the morning TV villain of our dreams, they sing, they sulk, they taste no fail. They bust out chords, they play obscure instruments—and they pose for these totally marvelous photographs. Plus, a heap of still more women we're simply glued to on the planet.

122 WOMEN WE LOVE: THE TABOOS Say what you will, we hearistic copiers these. Some of them are trained, some are just silly, some are just shamelessly wrong. So say it.

124 IT'S OKAY, IT'S ART How do you go about photographing the world's most beautiful women in various stages of... *naughty nude disrobing?* Like this. **NOBIS**, commentary and breathtaking examples from a thirty-year career of doing just that. | BY PETER LINDBERGH

132 What I've Learned: Peter Boyle The great actor talks about his life, an imaginary double life with accents—and with religion, politics, and television. “There he-a been a rascal on since Dwight Dinsmore or who doesn’t have a lot of hair.” | **INTERVIEWED BY SCOTT ALAN** |

134 Report on a Malfunction in the Zucker Unit <http://ethick.stl.edu/~davis/assess/assess.htm> and superhuman skill certainly. NBT's Jeff Zucker has used network television since shortly after the executive who brought us *Four Seasons* on a new mission. That is there more to life than *Significant Others*, but *congratulate Donald!* Or *Why should I be?* <http://www.abc.com/abcnews/1>

156 The Terrible Boy One day not long ago, Jeremiah Miller did a terrible thing. But was he a terrible boy? Was he a criminal? Across the country, authorities are now moving to end schoolyard bullying by outlawing it by criminalizing it. Is that what we really want to do? A story about the cruelty of childhood, the horror of adulthood, and the difficult and painful path between them. | **BY TOM JACOB**

On the Cover Jennifer Aronson photographed evidence at the Tupperley Farms, Florida, house of James Earl Ray, assassin of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Tupperley called all the collections group on. See his Police Camera for all the details.



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Editor's Letter

Alan Greenspan's Favorite Issue

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, *Esquire* started publishing an annual Women We Love issue.

Of course, it's not as though *Esquire* suddenly discovered women in 1987. The magazine has been celebrating women for nearly all of its sixty-one years. In the 1940s, Alberto Vargas called the pages of *Esquire* *America's sex magazine* with his paintings of scantily clad beauties, which were a main draw. For much of the fifties, there was hardly a cover on which the magazine's former mascot, Ruby, wasn't lying down. Some starlet's cleavage. And in the sixties, the magazine joined fun at the conventions of objectifying women even as it respected them separately. In the fifteen years since we first laid out our love of women as a monthly periodical issue, we've made some fantastic choices. Jennifer Connolly, who won the Academy Award this year for *A Beautiful Mind* and was on the cover of *Esquire* in 1989, Mary McCormack for whom we predicted stardom in 1995 and who is reviewed in the top of this page, and the working with us on a new project for next month's issue, Sherry Seane, the WWL photo we most wish would make a return to our pages.

I've only been editing *Esquire* for five years, but I have to say that on the rare occasions when I dip into the archives, I have my problems with some of the women *Esquire* has cho-

sen to showcase in this issue: "The dead girl from *Twelve Pinks*?" On the cover? "Isabelle Dufresne as Woman of the Year?" Creative? "Dial M for Mother? Blythe?" But when I look back at *Esquire*'s past, it's clear to me that *Esquire*'s durability has had precisely as much to do with its love of women as it has had to do with the other releases. *Esquire* is known for, especially its love of telling stories and telling stories in original and ingenious ways.

The median magazine these days is to believe that a magazine has to be either one thing or another. Either it has to be basic and concerned exclusively with the elements of our world that appeal only to our lower impulses, or it has to be high-minded and concerned with only the lofty things that the mass of people could give a damn about.

The thing is though that magazines should be the happy medium between of life. You have some politics and some sports and some women and some food and some inspiration, a few great photographs and a good story or two, a few jokes and a serious, and if you present all these things with style and humor and enthusiasm, your readers will take their pick and walk away happy. Alan Greenspan (just to make a point at random) may be the pillar of responsibility and high-mindedness, but I guarantee that he takes a gander at *Esquire*. He'll go to the *Esquire* page 128. It's just the way we are. Even those of us who teach biology or write the president's speeches or answer questions in



American business—well, we also want to know that Anne Nicole Smith's new TV show has failed. And while you may join us in appreciating the unique charms of Kelly Ripa, there's a part of you that will be glad to avoid by reading Tom Hanks's story about one of the constants of life in America, the bully Or John H. Johnson's absolutely original profile of NBC's programming czar, Jeff Zucker, or any of the revolutionary fiction we'll be reading over the next few months.

I'm as skeptical as the next human about *Sex*, but one day I was watching an interview with him on MTV. He said this thing about how gay music teaches us that all is right with the world, but how rock 'n' roll teaches us that we can change the world. The always thought that magazines can do both of those things: help us enjoy our lives and drive us to make the world better. There are magazines that celebrate and embrace our desires as a civilization and there are magazines that believe they can play a role in much bigger things. *Esquire* proudly straddles that divide, in celebrating the incredible charms of Cher (see page 122) while also publishing stories that challenge us.

—David Granger



TOMMY  HILFIGER
ties

Contributors

"This month we wanted to push our already well-traveled approach to style features a little further. So between creative director Stefano Tonelli and editorial prince & director Lou Hirschman, we commissioned a script from novelist and screenwriter **JOHN HUBBARD**, who gave us a classically good film noir of desperation, greed, and, of course, murder ("One Cool Woman," page 148). "I wanted something that embraced both the glamour and dark side of Hollywood, something very noirish, yet with a twist," says Ridley, who is the author of two recent novels. A conversation with the *Minor (Warner Books)* and the *Drift (Knopf)*. Ridley says he does his best writing in Las Vegas, where he'll lock himself in a hotel for weeks, do a little gambling, and come back with a first draft, as he did for the original screenplay for the film *True Romance*. "I'm inspired by people who are alienated and obsessed, and Vegas is one of the best places to find them. 'Come, it's all about getting to the heart of those people.'"



War. Corporate malfeasance. The "ten penny money" obsession gone. Exams doesn't have the sales to topple the world's 100. But we do have our annual *Women We Love* issue. This year, photographer **PAMELA ANDERSON** captured singer Justin Timberlake, television host Kelly Ripa, and actresses Zooey Deschanel, Margot Robbie, and Eryn Sedgewick for "Five More Women We Love" (page 184). While models are typically the subjects of her famed fashion portraits, Anderson says it was a welcome change to shoot subjects in a different context. "But with both celebrities and models, you have to try hard to tap that personality and understand something about them when it's all over," says Anderson. "These girls had plenty of personality to go around."



It is in the "terrible boy" (page 112) that writer at large **TOM JUNOD** addresses the age-old phenomenon of bullies and bullying by examining an especially dark case in which a Georgia teenager, Jonathan Miller, was sentenced to life in prison for killing another student in an after-school fight. Miller's case was subsequently used to fuel legislation that places bullying in the same category as hate crimes. While also speaking a nationwide anti-bullying movement. Reporting the piece had particular resonance for Junod, because as a kid growing up on Long Island, he was a bully, waging a campaign of terror on one unfortunate boy. "It's hard to have sympathy for bullies, but at the same time, they were such a part of how I grew up," says Junod. "I know that whenever made me bully that physical side in me. It's just something I keep a finger on. As I approached this story, it was something that still haunted me."



It for this month's *Best of Men* column, novelist **RUSSELL BANKS** writes about a trip to Europe's border town, on the Atlantic coast, where one of the night's leading dancers at the Atlantic trade show was and he has been turned into a modern-day hero. He also speaks a nationwide anti-bullying movement. Reporting the piece had particular resonance for Junod, because as a kid growing up on Long Island, he was a bully, waging a campaign of terror on one unfortunate boy. "It's hard to have sympathy for bullies, but at the same time, they were such a part of how I grew up," says Junod. "I know that whenever made me bully that physical side in me. It's just something I keep a finger on. As I approached this story, it was something that still haunted me."



For years, writer **BRIAN FRAZER** found the world was turned up on its side before taking his place in television and eventually magazines. He has written for *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *Rolling Stone*. He also wrote the book *The World Is Not Enough*. This month he finds this *Way Out* column for Exams a perfect place. "Growing up, I was a shy kid who didn't watch much TV, certainly not late night TV. I didn't have many television shows," says Frazer. "But I took a comedy-writing course at Emerson College, and the final assignment was to do five minutes of stand-up. I had to take the teacher what I'd learned. Nine went pretty well. I guess the teacher got me a spot at a nearby club."

THE COVER: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/GETTY IMAGES; WWW.CANALI.IT



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The Sound & the Fury

THE AUGUST ISSUE featured the return of "What It Feels Like," a compendium of stories about some of the most fascinating human experiences—from joining an orgy to pitching a perfect game to being the lovely Hilary Swank, whose smile shone brightly on our cover.

The issue also includes four stories about war, including vivid accounts of American soldiers fighting in Afghanistan—"Monocula," by John Rock, and "Mazzini's Song" by M.L.S. Hyman—and short fiction about a wounded Vietnam veteran, "What Went Wrong," by Tim O'Brien.

Once again Hyman has hit a grand slam. I loved the way he captured the most painful aspect of becoming a warrior. He has a genius for making his story clear, moving it along and yet leaving room for the subtle subtleties. This piece should definitely remain unread.

DEBRA MCCONNELL
Stamford, Va.

Hyman's piece on Mazzini's Bird was gripping as much as how our Special

By S. K. MOORE



Operation Cornucopia is being asked to fight beyond the tactical scope for which it was created. Unfortunately, Hyman falls short of identifying the underlying risk America faces. We're mainly ill equipped for conflict with a strategic scope. Military downsizing has left the U.S. unprepared for anything beyond tactical strikes by SOG forces. If we remain unwilling to act decisively in our current environment, our nation may become a part of our daily life—as it is today in many parts of the world. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are absolutely worth the fight.

E. TRAD SCHWELBERT
Charlotte, N.C.

Thank you so much for O'Brien's "What Went Wrong." So much human truth in so few words. This story is the very definition of fine writing.

LUKE HEAPS
Bendy, Utah

Taking On Williams, Sizing Up Cruise
As a critic and contributing editor, Tim Carson applied his fierce wit to the frantic acting career of Robin Williams (*The Streets of San Francisco*)—even as we continued to draw response to Carson's earlier examination of Tim Cruise (July).

Usually find Carson's one-liners column entertaining, insightful, and well written, but in his determined trashing of Williams came a body of work, he has crossed the line between cleverness and downright nastiness. He re-

veals a disappointing mean streak behind the court-mind everyone that generally admires his writing. Carson is partly of the exact temperament he criticizes in Williams. His obvious effort to ingratiate with his artistic chops and the overstatement of each comically witty put-down, rather than genuine criticism, is the driving force behind each sentence. And in his credibility to fire, both Carson and Williams could benefit from the same advice: *Remember nobility.*

JONATHAN THOMPSON
New Rochelle, N.Y.

I really enjoyed Carson's well-thought-out article on Robin Williams. It was a well-written. It will now make a sport of always making his column.

MARK ROSA
Columbia, Md.

Carson seems to be a very bitter man. Although I agree Williams should be taken a little down, Carson should realize that Williams can act. He proved it with his Oscar-winning performance in *Good Will Hunting*, which Carson's column only helped in his attack—I wonder why? Just for the real deal, Williams' terrifying portrayal of a loser in the movie *Two-Face* film of last fall below's been the Day was his pinnacle. Carson should realize the movie has taken its toll.

GEORGE SCHMIDT
Riverside, N.J.

Carson's denigration of Cruise is one of the most entertaining and well-writ-



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October ... In defense of Tom Arnold (p. 36); butt messages (p. 48); and the oddest booze (p. 54)



Isabelle Huppert

[illegible]

CHIEF SUBJECT



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The post-hip revolution went down with the dot-coms, so if you're thinking about heading off to work in those vintage Air Jordans, think again: You can be comfortable and casual and still be cool (well, as cool as you can be). Here's how to mix the new crop of sneaker styles. The style is bent around for a few seasons, but this fall it's much more classically inclined. Less goofy, the good-looking, well-shaped town leather shoes allow you to look and weave through the office like Marshall Mathers, and can be matched with either kind of suit—season or warm-up.

The Style Guide Hybrid shoes for Every Price Range

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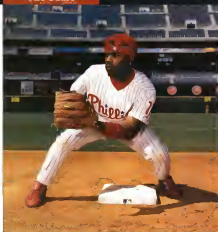
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PHILADELPHIA has nothing but love for its All-Star shortstop, Jimmy Rollins. Which tells you a lot about how far this city has come.

The Game

BY CHRIS JONES

>>>>



has been jumping 100-thousand-bu money pay over his girl—remember, the afternoon vaudeville, but they're two of the finest phone calls a man can get, and everything's straight, his custom sound system back up and pounding like a second pulse by the time he's on Paterson Avenue, pointing out toward the grand hole in the earth that will be his place of work once 2004. Soon he's easing into the Vet's VIP lot, jammed with privilege and spit-shined 507s. Merck and Leno and now a current power Yulian. Jimmy slips his Nigro Longans Baseball Museum key chain into his pocket, picks up the stack of five-card photos he signed at home the night before, puts his glowing Air Jordans to the pavement, and steps into fence's embrace. "It's getting crazy, man," he says just before he's lost in a blur of strobe lights and handclaps and hugs, his mostly-capped lid bobbing to the decks spinning in his head, a happy man among his happy people.

And then, somehow, via baseball story What's more, this is a Philadelphia story—a town that's all one-way streets and church spires and sleepers made of blue glass, ground as hell of the art museum and the Pershing City Hall building and the past with the broken bell, but forever still-shedding the best parts of town—the ones down Seventh and Chestnut, say, that bring the delish clam-broth of this city's heart. Philly knows division, is founded in it, east and west, north and south. It knows pheromones and dipe-more gangsters and "fandies in

J-Roll for Mayor

JIMMY ROLLINS IS FEELING IT. He's cruising through Penn's Landing in his polished pewter Yulian past the Acropolis and the viceroy lions, wind-down darts and soccer oops, and his stereo's bumping a bit of Usher, some Dee-Lee, a little Nappy Roots. He's finishing his gay-touted grin—"Now, this is some heat, dawg!"—the more gap-toothed grin that bursts from city buses and billboards and television that flicker up pasted suburban dens. Jimmy is everywhere, doing everything, hanging in clubs with A-1 and gyno-sucking at school assemblies and riding the counter at Port Stenois, running breads and mowing eyebrows, and even something as insidious as that, his daily commute, is obscene. His was has been bouncing out best since leaving his digs in Cherry Hill. His cell phone

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"I've got hot flashes to keep me warm. You'll need something that says."

- Chairman Greg Boyle

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The Game

erlin." It put Miaaia (also known as death row) cheered John Rocking, not Charles Berkeley and Randall Cunningham out of town while putting a gay like Kevin Sieder in hot-dog ads, and, in a neighborhood called Grays Ferry, watched drugs put the boots in folks because of the color of their skin.

Not coincidentally, Philadelphia's new star Ben Chapman, lead the show brother again. Jackie Robinson, one the Phillies remain the last all-white team in the National League, now Richie Allen called a dunker and a monkey and a nigger, and now him forced to wear a bowtie between in left field, saw Curt Flood end his first career rather than report, and, as recently as six seasons ago, saw its baseball team without a single African-American player.

And yet, out of all that troubled history has exploded James Calver Ballin, a twenty-three-year-old All-Star shortstop from the wrong side of Atlanta, California, getting a long-sleeved shirt and a good sportswear when they need. Like Allen Iverson, like Damon Mahab—what is he's name is going as in Philadelphia? Jimmy plays the way hip-hop sounds, all machine-gun beats and stretched-vocal riddles. Def Jam and Motown, Four's Black Planet and Little Steven Wonder Be become best.

Take tonight, for instance. Halfway through the first inning, Jimmy's socks are pulled. Cool Papa Bell bag, and his sock is getting a workout as he hits the machine-gun track called "Y-Well" and down the first base rapper Papi who also happens to be his cousin. He likes her to handle when he's striking to the plate, when he's leading off in style. Went Co out chest-champing at its best—only we're in the East, where the folk heroes usually drink beer and listen to heavy metal and look in thought they've been plucked out of the radio, and the stadium have looked no better but like Jimmy Ballin, at least he's new.

A cheer goes up when Jimmy steps in against Tim Lincecum of the Boston Astros, and he's vibrating like an accordion, ready to pop the adrenaline during fast as he swings through strikes one and

(The Q&A)

Mo Vaughn, New York Mets

ESQ Okay, so when's the toughest place you've faced?

MV Pedro Martinez. Most people who get you out are guys who throw hard, so with pitches out of the zone, his throws strikes so gets you out in the zone.

ESQ Was it as hard to find a neighborhood in New York City as they say?

MV I found my place in Tribeca. I had some good people working around me, so I was fortunate. I got a nice loft on the fifth floor with a nice view, a nice garage, I'm not kidding.

ESQ When you're with the Angels, how many times did you go to Disneyland?

MV I went one time. I don't like it. I like Disney World. You know what I mean?

ESQ Giants or Reds?

MV I don't know. I had the Giants when Pacella was good, and I liked the Angels when Pacella was good. I really don't know—I'm torn. Okay, some much more to go down playing in Shea being up for you? **ESQ** It's tremendous. You're in the same city and competing against the Yankees. You beat the team that was my original organization, the Red Sox, into the World Series. And I'm from the area, so all the love, all the determination, all the world will come out playing there. Every coach I've had is able to watch me play. And anytime you get a chance to play in New York, it's about the best. That's your greatest asset. —INTERVIEW BY SARA L. TORRES



two. He steps out of the box to cool down, to lower the volume—chill, down, chill. A deep breath, a puff at his baggy jersey, and he's striking the next pitch into right-center field, tearing down the line like a bottle rocket, taking a big, wide turn at first and a pole at Rodriguez's ribs—you know, a little bit of elbowing Jimmy's cool like that.

Now he changes his black batting gloves for his black running gloves—Jimmy's cool like that, too—picking one out of each of his back pockets, where they flap through the gutter like a piece of old. Jimmy, he takes a long look, staring at Rodriguez, who's visibly pissed to be struck by his own extension to the batter, because even though he knows what's going to happen next, he also knows that he can't die a golden rule thing about it. First pitch and Jimmy's smoke, sliding hard into second, safe by a margin of seven or eight. The Vet's screaming a foul ball are slight when Jimmy pops to his feet, the way he did forty-five times last year, including thirty-five consecutive times without getting caught, a click second and a hotshot streak by the margin of a few feet, let alone a rocket, let alone a rocky five-foot-eight-inch kid with gold chains around his neck and his different

style of Mo Vaughn in his locker.

"There's a lot of guys that swagger," says Jimmy's admiring manager, Larry Brown, who, it should be noted, was also an undrafted, late-swimming shortstop for these same Phillies. "But it's his swagger Jimmy's different. His swagger says, 'I know I'm good.' Just watch him."

Later, Jimmy is only too happy to agree. "That's right, damn," he says, that gap-toothed grin crossing his face once again. "Just watch me."

ASK LEARNED baseball men, what made them first pay attention to Jimmy Ballin and they'll tell you it was his speed, his glove, his swing, his work ethic. But if you get those learned baseball men drunk and ask 'em again, they'll tell you it was really something else: Brown's hat.

On this fine afternoon, he's betting \$15, on his way to becoming only the eleventh National League to be named an All-Star in his first two seasons, and his second cap is decided into a perfect thin licks, swing back off his high forehead and tucked under a cap that might be the roughest in the major leagues. No bag thing, understanding the fact that you could squeeze his



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ON THE BASES, Jimmy wears gloves so that he doesn't rough up his hands sliding. "You wanna keep 'em soft for the ladies," he says.

The Game

Woke up that hot last year, however, he was sporting gloves, and that was a very big deal. Because this story, you will remember, is as much about baseball, a sport that's run by a few selectmen from Milwaukee named *Bad*, and about Philadelphia, a city that exiled its Philie Phanatic to the A's, as it is about Jimmy. It's a universe where cartoons don't usually exist, and he knows it.

"Baseball is predominantly white," says Jimmy, who grew up starring in the Vietnamese stories of upper-class Asians from his childhood in the business district of Little Saigon. "So when you're playing the game, you're supposed to be all eleven out, you know, kinda like, 'What we want you do be'—especially 'read here in Philly, but all I know is how to be me. And where I'm coming from, you gotta have some flex, you know what I mean? The gotta look cool and play good."

Serious? Of his old-school teammates—

most notably Scott Rolen, the Phillies' wild-haired third baseman and a native of Jasper, Indiana, the son of men from the sort of place that baseball canonically finds itself failing to have with—have seen something wrong in Jimmy, as all his much talking and high-stepping and hair braiding. Jimmy has been chastised for ripping out loud during batting practice, for preening around the bases for smiling boys when the Phillies were either under shod or on the field. Opposing players, too, have expressed displeasure with him. Steve Kline, a relief pitcher for the St. Louis Cardinals, threatened to sock Jimmy high and out right after Jimmy's seventh-inning home run from the park, then dropped his bat as if to say *hitch*. And Mervyn Duvall—a black outfielder for the San Francisco Giants—pulled Jimmy aside last season and suggested he find a new hairstyle to double-check some. "He told me they'll find a way

to hold it against you," Jimmy says.

He tells the story as though he still can't believe it, will can't understand how a sport that's looking into the back-ground doesn't want to stand out. But having been warned, Jimmy assembled a loyal crew, pulled his family in tight around him, and earned concerts with his play "Communist Merlon Anderson and Robert Ferman both had careers of their own part as a show of solidarity. Phillies general manager Ed Wade held him up as a role model, a key for baseball to represent all that baseball has lost it, including merlon shane. ("I went back to work to be like him," Wade says.) And even built him back up earlier this season after he began slipping under the pressures of his confederate peers. ("I told him you can't be something you're not," Jimmy's gotta be Jimmy.)

"I was being quiet," Jimmy says now, sitting on the end of the bench after BP. "I was trying to be polite for the benefit of everybody else, because we'd had a couple of meetings about it." He stops to give a look that's all ego and mischief and conspiracy. "But then I had some meetings with myself. And even though this is a traditionally quiet, I'm not. There's always gonna be some personalities that are..." He searches for the right word. "That one... dominant." Jimmy sits back, looking to let the sound of it, sounding like the park.

IN FATHERS Player Catch with him, the poet Donald Hall complains that modern English has been boiled down to the palest version of itself. At the expense, principally, of the metaphor, which has all but vanished—save for rare scenarios of baseball and the invention of African-American speech. Only in these two mediums, Hall writes, do our language remain truly alive.

Where it must be its most vibrant, then, is in front of the lockers of young men such as Jimmy Rollins, where the postgame interview is the medium of resistance. Jimmy is positive, a magnet for microphones and a best writer's dream, relishing to speak that rule or one-drop-or-free bull that, allowing instead to fight



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By Steven L. Chead

SO CLINT IS manipulative, guarded, career minded, and gets more tall than an airport, eh? What's that got to do with his oeuvre?

The Screen

>>>>

warded everybody with a grudge, which is why his books are so long. If only to suit his project onto at least Upper Tablet, he takes the occasional stab at addressing his subject's importance as filmmaker, such as, and cultural lightning rod, but it's just an oblique character between a barrage of dirt.

The way *Milligram* portrays his subject's life of day much to his redoubt from the friends and associates he's flitted over along the way (more than a few) to the women he's loved and left (you'll need a calculator). But even if most or all of the dirt is true, it doesn't prove much except that Eastwood is a savvy star to the affairs. Clint is manipulative, guarded, slightly over-mind, and you suspect that as a report—you don't say I'm a squid. What's your next case, *Inspector Potter*?

The quality that makes Eastwood's usual are those that come through in

his work, whose vibrant *Milligram* goes down the line. While I've got to realize believing that his reputation as a filmmaker is not only of cinema for some or someone enough to think he'd become too far up close, the link that goes under appreciated by both the *Milligram* and his well-pulling successor is that it's also the key to the man's darkness. In private life, it's pretty clear he has a marked dislike for getting entangled with people, and he's not much less recent success, when he tried to be cynical and grumpy in *White Man's Burden*, *Black Moon*, it was as disconcerting as watching an airplane crash jump behind the camera though, his detachment is not a sign of aloofness, it's a sign of a man's self-ownership—the most virtue in American film.

It's not that he doesn't judge his characters as much as that nothing there ever seems to judge him. He also knows what to

shoot him, which is to film the plot around the later-day Eastwood's narrative, and a series of moments—chances to sacrifice people's substance as a polar point of character motives, free noticing how quickly emotion can stir up to finding one more reason in the context between the *Milligram* and *Black Moon*. The reason this *Milligram* is in first is because in cinema, *Milligram* is a story of a man's existence. With a jump-looking Clint might as well as a man's man's existence, *True Crime* was a last-the-dick drama with a fairly crazy pedigree, but not it today and as how easily it finds room to consider *Milligram* again, the endgame is a lot of comic mix in prose words, and the single word discovery that holding your jacket back may end up making you feel sorry for him, which may make you feel like a clown. Then, just the *Milligram* *Black Moon* in the first scene, a lesson that the happy ending is a far cry.

Like a lot of directors who value the commercial countries without wanting to risk it, he's often to be a concept of making movies that aren't quite what they seem. *Inspector Potter* was his biggest hit as yet, mostly because it's something he's been doing since he started. Yet the *Inspector Potter* was influenced by both genuine admiration for celebrity and skepticism about their current adolescent *potter*'s naive motivations for signing to fame. The climactic outer space heroics would barely pass muster in a comic book, and most likely the director knew it. He just wanted that poetic final image of a clown man—a weird dead man—on the moon.

The complication is that what his movies seem to be is also partly what they are, and sometimes that can nearly do them in. Based on David Wallace's hard novel, *Absolutely Power* has a plot that's about as outlandish as *Washington* or *Iron* got. But as a movie about a 50-year-old age celebrating life and corruption, Eastwood's adaptation seems so little about making ordinary sense that it's almost comical. It's as if he's saying to the audience, "I'm not a politician, but I'm a man, and I'm a man who's a man." It's not a political statement, but it's a statement of a man's life.



"Weirdly, Man, sometimes I think you just stay in this relationship of mine."

CLINT EASTWOOD: JEFFREY M. HARRIS; MILLIGRAM: JEFFREY M. HARRIS; POTTER: JEFFREY M. HARRIS; ROCKPORT: JEFFREY M. HARRIS



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Beef

BY FRANKIE MARQUETIAN

>>>>



How to Eat the Whole Damn Cow



AS A STAINLESS CARNIVORE, proud to wave the fat-streaked flag of red meat at almost every meal, I feel obliged to point out that you are probably not about to have a cow. In this country, cows are chiefly used for milk, while steers (male cattle castrated as calves) are raised for beef. Your typical eleven-hundred-pound steer yields a seven-hundred-pound carcass, and that's a little too much meat at one time for anyone, even me. ¶ To transform the animal into something edible, here's how: 1) Remove the offal—about twenty-five pounds of heart, kidneys, liver, sweetbreads, tongue, and tripe, so named because it "falls off" when the carcass is butchered—and give it to someone French. 2) Trim the carcass into two sides, each yielding about 275 pounds of meat, and then carve each side into nine "primal cuts." 3) Butcher each primal cut into the standard retail cuts. ¶ Tenderloin sets the price. The more money you spend on a cut of beef, the less time it takes to prepare. Expensive sections (short loin, rib, brisket, and parts of the round) can be dry cooked (oven roasted), sautéed, broiled, or grilled. Less expensive cuts (chuck, brisket, plate, flank) must be moist cooked (braised, pot roasted, or stewed). But paying less doesn't mean that the meat has less flavor; only that it will take longer to tenderize. And take it from me: In the case of beef, cheap can be beautiful. ¶ Here, then, are eight perfect recipes covering (almost) the entire animal. >>>>



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Beef

[recipe continues from page 10]

Carrots, red caps, mushrooms, and chestnut fillets per side at least 4 hours.

Preheat oven to 325 degrees.
Heat heavy olive oil in both sides of brisket in oven at 325 degrees. Cook brisket with beef stock and bring to a simmer. Simmer in beef stock. Place brisket in oven and cover with foil. Place brisket in oven to finish about 3 hours.

Transfer brisket to cutting board. Place cooking liquid in a bowl and bring to a boil. For each piece, add brisket and simmer until slightly thickened, about 10-15 minutes. Slice brisket thinly, against the grain and serve topped with sauce. Serves 4 to 6.



7 [Short Ribs]

Short ribs are a long, tapered strip of meat that is best when it is slow-cooked and then sliced into cubes for cooking.

1. Preheat oven to 325 degrees.
2. Place short ribs in a large pot and cover with water.

3. Bring to a boil and simmer for 2 hours.
4. Remove from heat and let stand for 10 minutes.

5. Slice short ribs into cubes.
6. Serve with sauce.

Serves 4 to 6.

[recipe continues from page 10]

Combine all the ingredients in a pot. Place meat in a pot. Cook for 2 hours. Turn off heat and let stand for 10 minutes.

Transfer brisket to cutting board. Place cooking liquid in a bowl and bring to a boil. For each piece, add brisket and simmer until slightly thickened, about 10-15 minutes. Slice brisket thinly, against the grain and serve topped with sauce. Serves 4 to 6.

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8 [Brisket]

Brisket is a long, tapered strip of meat that is best when it is slow-cooked and then sliced into cubes for cooking.

1. Preheat oven to 325 degrees.
2. Place brisket in a large pot and cover with water.

3. Bring to a boil and simmer for 2 hours.
4. Remove from heat and let stand for 10 minutes.

5. Slice brisket into cubes.
6. Serve with sauce.

Serves 4 to 6.

[recipe continues from page 10]

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9 [Shank]

Shank is a long, tapered strip of meat that is best when it is slow-cooked and then sliced into cubes for cooking.

1. Preheat oven to 325 degrees.
2. Place shank in a large pot and cover with water.

3. Bring to a boil and simmer for 2 hours.
4. Remove from heat and let stand for 10 minutes.

5. Slice shank into cubes.
6. Serve with sauce.

Serves 4 to 6.

(Still Hungry?)

A glossary of the leftovers

ALSO, AROUND THE WORLD people with different tastes and preferences are enjoying beef in different ways. Here are some ideas for how to use your beef in different ways.

BEEF CHICKEN A beef and chicken salad is a great way to use your beef in a new way. It's a great way to use your beef in a new way.

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(10 THINGS You Don't Know About Women)

By Stephanie Weir

1. **Women are really, really mean**—at least when it comes to their own appearance. But we don't worry then and they take it as a money.
2. **Not all women love to dress**. Regardless, we all love "fashion-holic" novelty gifts—T-shirts, memo pads, refrigerator magnets—depicting a crazy-eyed woman angling an incoming bag and holding a shopping card. We do. However, get stuck out of the kitchen magnets that say things like "I HATE IT" or "HE LOVES YOU, DOES ANYONE ELSE?"
3. **Just dancing with you is like watching a** they-dog eat down the street. We only for a minute but know, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that a horrible injury is about to occur. That's why we prefer fast dancing with our darts. It's not that we're not good at it, it's just that we're not good at it.
4. **One of our greatest national** four—what are they and the other three?—is that we're not good at it. We're not good at it. We're not good at it. We're not good at it.
5. **It's**... why do we get into it? We're not good at it. We're not good at it. We're not good at it. We're not good at it.
6. **When most women feel a** but two for you have no idea it's the best of your entire life. That's why we're not good at it. We're not good at it. We're not good at it.
7. **Women have only one**—what's it called? It's called "you may not know it, but I've got it." We're not good at it. We're not good at it. We're not good at it.



8. **Women like to catch up** about the day they spent. We're not good at it. We're not good at it. We're not good at it.

9. **At their core, women believe** the way they go. It's a little funny, but we're not good at it. We're not good at it. We're not good at it.

10. **We aren't**... why are we being so? We're not good at it. We're not good at it. We're not good at it.

STEPHANIE WEIR

Author of *10 Things You Don't Know About Women*

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ON THE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE ISLAND OF GORÉE, just off the coast of Senegal, you will find the place where the story of America begins

The Restless Mail

BY RUSSELL BANKS

♦♦♦♦

The House of Slaves

LIVING AT A THIRD-WORLD capital from the so-called developed world can be metabolically disruptive. A familiar logic displaced suddenly by an unfamiliar one jangles your body as much as your mind. Compared with landing in Lima or Dhaka, however, my arrival in Dakar was orderly in a familiar way. There was, of course, the expected military presence—tall, pistol-packing Senegalese youths with ornate sunglasses, mustaches, and biceps—but the passport check was swift and efficient, my baggage showed up intact, and taxis into the city were waiting patiently in a line outside.

Nearly half of the average passengers were white European tourists, mainly French and too young to feel even slightly postcolonial. The rest were returning upper-class Senegalese, elegantly well and slender, many dressed in traditional, elaborately embroidered boubous, and a large number of middle-aged African-Americans on a perhaps last, most of them somewhat overweight, vacation. One was a white Cuban and a brightly colored dashiki—senior men and women are usually not fond of attention in West Africa. I'd come to Senegal for vaguely literary reasons, to check out the Gorée Institute, a Pan-Africanist institution on Gorée Island, a few miles offshore, as a possible safe house for a substantial novel writers sponsored by the International Parliament of Writers, an organization whose president I had recently interviewed from the Nigerian Embassy, Wole Soyinka. I was also doing research for a novel of my own. But I

had a third, more personal reason for coming to West Africa. I just didn't leave it yet. Before leaving this place, I would learn that, despite being a white American with a family now sprung from mostly Southern Irish soil, I too had come to West Africa on a roots-bolstered mission.

I WAS MET at the airport by my hosts from the Gorée Institute, John Muthizaka, a middle-aged South African writer and one of the struggle against apartheid, and Komo Koussé, a strikingly beautiful young woman from Mali, polylingual, with a tolerance smile and warm eyes, who had coordinated my visit. A twenty-minute ride along a main drag jammed with cars and taxis, both big trucks and smalls through the traffic, we ended up on a crowded street of Dakar, the capital, a bustling, bustling city of more than a million and a half people that is slowly growing way too fast

to adjust. Half-built housing projects spread from the city center to the sea and back to the airport, and crowds of people, mostly children and women, loaded the roads as they long for a ride home. As we neared the port where the ferry for Gorée Island departed, the street disappeared, turned into a vast open-air market. The streets and side walks were packed with pedestrians, fully half of them selling everything from five lighters to painted vases and CDs and knickknacks of carved wooden figures and tribal masks. The other half engaged good-naturedly over the price. Numerous blue Daguerres—the old-school of New York and the backstreets of Paris—a smoking Senegalese will tell you a genuine justice for twenty baïks or, for five, a Lacoste shirt guaranteed to get a check.

We jumped aboard the last ferry to Gorée just as it left the terminal at the eastern end of the port, where a half dozen noisy freighters lay waiting at anchor. The double-decker ferry was filled to the brim with island residents returning from the mainland, most of them women chatting and sewing as Wole or simply resting from a long day's work before beginning the night's. At the rear, a group of middle-aged women began to while away an hour while the rest of us, helped to assist, swayed in time and gazed at the fading skyline of Dakar silhouetted against the blood-orange sky.

The island of Gorée lies in the path Atlantic slave and indentured labor and as an approach, the ferry was a wide to avoid a busy. Muthizaka explained that during World War II, an English freighter thought to be carrying General de Gaulle was sunk here by V-100s. "The gun placements are still there," he said, pointing to the canyons of the island. "Decimated, of course. Although there are three French and French soldiers stationed on the wrecked *Marquis de Guille* finally shows up, I guess," he laughed. "History's not dead in Africa; it just goes recycled."

Gorée is tiny, an island, actually barely a mile long and half as wide, crowded



The Restless Man

oil bar, midsize red blouses, kneeless, and long loose, brightly colored skirts called *pagaras*, are tall, fat, and, and seemingly beautiful. The natives of this place do not appear to me to live elsewhere. Undoubtedly, all around in the northern end of the island, flocks of seabirds, perched and swooping, are of the urban schools of fish over breaking waves on the base of the cliffs. Offshore, fishermen pull their plankton-shaped prongs off the beach and head into the Atlantic in search of a day's pay and something for the table at home, while the fishermen looting fish baskets from Japan scoop the deep waters



IN THE COASTAL ATLANTIC, REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT, LOST CIVILIZATION ARE STILL TO BE SEEN.

for fish with nets three miles wide, or in sandy bays, where a dozen skiffs, hardest-bey race after a soccer ball while the tourist watches from the shore, bells in hand at the town square, the old men gather for another day of prayer and politics.

Coated by years-round sunbeams, cosmically built is the easily accessible city of Dakar, unperturbed by resort-hotels, casinos, or million-dollar vacation homes. Great remains interest of most of our postmodernism are aligned. There are few tropical islands left in the world that are the Caribbean of the Americas, perhaps as the Seychelles in the Indian Ocean, where in here, the French came, conquered, and moved on to some promising landside. One hopes these abandoned landside will never be colo-

(The Next Ski Trip)

Your first boring vacation was your last boring vacation

LEBANON As a child growing up in the thick of Lebanon's 15-year civil war, Ronald Sayegh and his family still managed to get away during winter to the mountains outside Beirut, where all season outdoors brought. If elementary escape from the chaos here with the war is a given, Lebanon is now a vacation spot for the chic and savvy, and Sayegh has become the unofficial ambassador for its thriving ski industry. Using his Web site, skilebanon.com, Sayegh has helped bring back thousands of visitors to the country's ski resorts and resorts. The base of the range is Farayeh Marjay, which sits more than 8,000 feet above the Bekaa Valley and has a clear sky offering a stunning view of Beirut, about 20 miles away. The resort has an slopes, plenty of lifts so there are never any lines, and enough chair, hard-packed powder (more than ten feet) to satisfy the steady stream of skiers and snowboarders who flock to the slopes from December to April. During the season, Marjay is spilling over with kind of beautiful people, who visit the resort for its four nightclubs and who can be seen chauffering away over red and fire size beaches of the Marjay hotel complex, including delicious to the sweeping state outside the windows. But when, really separates Lebanon's resorts from the rest is knowing that one can go flying down Marjay's slopes in the morning and by afternoon be relaxing in the Mediterranean sea, admiring the view of the distant, snow-capped hills.

—B.M.

ized by the south-stretching industry of resort tourism. One feels guilty even writing about Goree and thus leaves out of the account more than others pasting mentions of the beachside.)

My work on the island went off not quickly, and then one afternoon, a few days before my scheduled departure, I passed along a quiet side street, overlooking finally a quiet view of the House of Silence. For major and unexpected reasons, I had been putting off my day after day. Halfway there, I noted for the first time a small collection of colorful buildings, a small open courtyard, with a whole house overhanging the beach. The work on the island was in English, welcome to the heart of the island. I had been putting off my day after day. Halfway there, I noted for the first time a small collection of colorful buildings, a small open courtyard, with a whole house overhanging the beach. The work on the island was in English, welcome to the heart of the island.

I passed over the words for a moment, the only English language sign I'd seen on the island then, turned on. Later, I stood outside the gates to the House of Silence, waiting behind a group of three or twenty African-Americans just off the ferry and a couple of French and Indian tourists, I still wondered about the sign. What was it selling? Certainly not the European tourists. Not the African from the mainland. And it didn't say me. (After all, I'm a white American, as when we Black History Month in me, or I don't.) Yet the sign continued to disturb me, as if reminding me of the forgotten and with carrying the dream fully in memory.

Then I looked in the crowd of my countrymen and women about to enter the House of Silence. Of course the other Americans! The sign flagging Black History Month was selling their attention, not more. Reading a sign with them, feeling uncomfortably like an intruder or worse, I said to myself, I shouldn't be here, and quickly left.

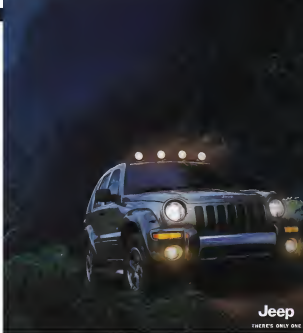
That night, at the Hotel des du Chevalier de la Fayette, I got into an intense conversation with the barman, Mamiadou, a tall, handsome Wolof who knew the history of the people in my head French and his last English, we discussed the relationship between men and slavery in the nineteenth century here in the European and American mainland. I became the word "justification" for slavery, and as we talked I remembered The Project, set on an island not far from this, my home town. Caliban's Case.

The island's name by its own way, said.

What does it mean to me? When I see this sign, I see the word "justification" for slavery, and as we talked I remembered The Project, set on an island not far from this, my home town. Caliban's Case.

When I see this sign, I see the word "justification" for slavery, and as we talked I remembered The Project, set on an island not far from this, my home town. Caliban's Case.

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The Restless Man

The bush springs, blue gas, horses
place and ride
Can't be the end of it

I remember the strange willoughs to roam across the plains, and Mandela would hardly be so hard on I paid my bill, and I moved for the door. Mandela asked if I'd visited the House of Slaves. "No," I said. "Next?" "Should we?" he said. "Thank you some things."

Walking in the darkness to my cottage, I wondered if I'd been visiting the House of Slaves widely to keep from knowing that what I'd been doing was to keep my black life in America. It was a messy to living myself, though that was already part of it. The rest was something I'd been doing to begin to understand. The African Americans had come to America to stand where their black ancestors had stood in chains, to moderate and reflect upon their masters' and their own consciences and histories. If I could here, I would be a different person, but one that overlapped with others in a mutually defining way. I would be there to moderate and reflect in the literal, physical place where the shared American imagination was born. It wasn't born at San Salvador where Columbus dropped anchor in the Caribbean Sea, nor at Jamestown, Virginia, nor at Plymouth Rock, nor at Cumberland Gap, looking westward to across the continent. No, the American imagination, at least as I was imagining it, was born here, in the Atlantic coast of Africa, where the Africans disembarked. It was here that Oshala, who was merely different, because Galileo, who was Other. To ground my imagination in historical reality, to know myself, I, too, as much as those African Americans, but for different reasons, ended up in the place where that imagination had occurred. I had been visiting it because I had wanted to recognize a shared historical reality—and in particular, the reality of slavery.

The links between the specific concept of slave sales to the broader, abstract, and the history of the African diaspora covered a chain that even today binds all

(The Next Adventure)

Your last boring vacation was your last boring vacation

CHILE White water rafting in the winter melt, yacht in northern Patagonia, the epic motorcycle routes out of Argentina and into Chile for two years before heading into the Pacific. The "Pur" is Caribbean clear, salt water grass, and also 10 miles of its nearest waters and slides. It's hard to tell what you're looking over the best class of 1000 miles in the Americas—quite possibly in the world. Kato was one of the first people to complete a successful ascent of the 14,000 ft. It was so inspired that he bought 200 acres and built a stylish, eco-friendly adventure playground. All sports along the river: canoe, two built glass tube houses, luxury rock climbers, and cave dwellings. He has the Andes cliffs. You can also go rappelling, cave passages, and cave, go horseback riding, take a zip line across the basin, or try your luck on one of the crystal pools crawling with brown trout. And after you spend a night on the river, the next morning you'll be in one of the most beautiful and scenic harbors, which are named by local fishers and are deep in the rock. There's also another reason to visit: the area is a prime habitat for a highly endemic plant, which would then be the most diverse of 10000 species, including coastal and alpine forests in the mountainous valley. The best way you can help is by coming out and helping fun. (800 643 0164, members or every trip from December through April.)

—B. M.

American. It binds us regardless of our divergent pasts or any other so-called secondary racial characteristics, regardless of our ethnic backgrounds, regardless of the date of arrival in America of our ancestors—whether they came in 1700 or 1800, or in 1900 in flight from having backed the losing side in a civil war in Vietnam or, in my case, in the eighteenth century from the barren fields of Scotland and Ireland. The story of most in the story of America. "My impression was that you were probably here and leaving," James Baldwin wrote. "My birthright was yours, as you were mine. It is that lives, and in every way, forever. But we cannot claim the birthright without recognizing the inheritance."

Therefore, I said to myself, before I leave for the Bermuda home, I will visit the House of Slaves.

I came to the House of Slaves, the highest of the House of Slaves, the one that is a large group of African-Americans. While I stood waiting at the gate of the group for the gate to open, I noticed a large, middle-aged black man looking at me with wide curiosity. The others seemed pointedly to ignore me. "America?" I asked him. "Yes," he said. "From D.C. You?" I asked him, and he said he was from Virginia.

We shook hands politely. His name

was Michael, and he was here with his wife and seven sons, who were just ahead of him to the gate and waiting to go with interest. He walked toward the front of the line, where a balding white people were speaking French and German, their children. "Not many white Americans here," he said. "Why are you?" "I guess my history is there, too," I said.

"Which?" he said. "I guess it's mine." The line began to move forward and we were out of the gate.

The gate to the House of Slaves appears to be a courtyard. You can look across the courtyard and see a small building, a small building, and a small building, on the far side of the courtyard, you can peer down a narrow darkened corridor that leads through an open doorway at the end of the building and into the main area of the house. Beyond that, the area is a large, open area of the house.

And beyond that, America. There are ghosts in this place, the ghosts of those who were enslaved and the ghosts of those who enslaved them. That is my inheritance, in Baldwin's sense. And I want to accept it. I want to accept my birthright. So I leave on there, standing at the gate, peering into the middle, cool darkness of the House of Slaves and the bright light of the open doorway. I have seen that gate because I am an American myself, and it is there at the doorway to the House of Slaves, that our story begins. ■

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WOMEN) — (WE LOVE →



Jennifer Aniston

reflects on Greek relatives, the power of Shaun Cassidy, her short-lived turn as a belly dancer, and, of course, that TV show of hers. As told to CAL FUSSMAN
Photographs by Peggy Sirotta

I'm at this restaurant and the friend who I'm eating with gets up to go to the bathroom. As a pretty rebel, a woman is crying me, and I know she's just waiting for the right moment to swoop in for the kill. This happens all the time. People feel a certain level of comfort with you, when you're in their living room, they feel you're approachable. And the truth is I like to find that way. When a kid comes up to you at a restaurant with a beautiful sketch he's just made of you and says he just wants you to have it, it's a real tug-of-war. And I am a lesbian. But as the woman's heading over, I can tell she's had a few.

"I don't understand your life," she says.

"Maurice du!" I laugh.

"What's the big deal?"

"Bears me."

"Look at you. You're normal. You're a bunch of motherf---ers!"

"You like... What do you think? That I'm a motherf---er? I never claimed to be anything. I just do my job."

Her face is crinkling up like a kid who's trying to figure out a puzzle and getting more and more frustrated because she can't. Just then, my friend returns. He gives the woman the of love eye and she leaves. We start a joke about it: "Well, I guess we'll go back to our motherf---er!" But still me. What was I supposed to say to that woman? "Sit down and I'll try to figure it out with you."

My dad had this laugh that made you want to laugh. Still does. Some with my mom. When one would start, the other would follow. My mom's face would go red and her eyes would start watering and her soul would come up, and it would be so funny that you'd be swept up in it and then you couldn't stop. There's nothing better than contagious laughter. It's the most powerful feeling in the world.

My best times as a kid came right after my dad [actor John Aniston] got a job on a soap opera and we moved to New York. I can remember this one party we had. Maybe fifteen of my parents' friends were over. Scotch in their glasses, or cherry. I'm not sure if I belly danced for everyone that night, but I used to cut a real mean one for my Greek relatives. I used to sing, too—in the case, in front of the mamas, anyway. I was about seven and absolutely fearless. I was after playing charades with the grown-ups that night, and all the laughter. Then it was time for me to go to bed, but you could never put me down when there was a good time to be had. Again and again I tried to sneak out of my bedroom toward the happy sounds, but they kept making me go back—until I was exhausted and fell asleep.

As the years passed, it came home between my mom and dad, and I'd do funny things to try to bring back the laughter. It's hard to recall now what those things were. Maybe I've blocked them out. I guess I've learned to make a list.

ing doing what I did to try to heal myself as a kid.

When I was about nine, I came home from a friend's party and my dad would never. Dorian happens in a lot of families and I don't want to break out the violin. But that was that.

I was enrolled at the Bristol Steiner School, which recommends that children don't watch TV. I don't mind all the time, of course. You have not observed anything your parents tell you not to do. Plus, Dad had left. How could I connect with him? He was on the television!

One day, my dad got me on *Search for Tomorrow* as an extra. I must've been thirteen. I can still see this little blonde skating down that I was psyched to be in that morning. At that age, it was thrilling to just sit in the makeup chair.

In the middle of the scene, someone came over and asked me to swap places with another girl. It was very quick, and I didn't think anything of it. On the very same day, Dad mentioned how I wouldn't have been picked up by the camera if four people hadn't switched. I felt terrible, absolutely mortified and humiliated that the poor girl got bumped because of me, the daughter of the soap star. I still remember walking down the Broadway entrance after he told me I didn't have that kind of ambition. You know how there are some people who burn with this feeling of "I'm going to be a star"? I never had that. Yeah, I want to be famous. I can do it. But Dad's behavior to me, it's a guideline I guess I act on now. Maybe that's why I love *Friends*. It's so reasonable. Even the recent *Knave* nomination—it's not about me. It wouldn't have happened if it wasn't for those other five people. That nomination is theirs, not whether they like it or not.

But there was another thing I learned that day as an extra in order for me to get what I'd wanted, something was compromised. What you want always comes with a price.

When I was in school, I think there was a Teachers Who Hate Jewish Anti-Semitism group and I'll bet Anne Benes never attended a meeting. There were three girls from my class in English class in junior high. I don't remember exactly what I did, but one day the Prince sat on me at my locker and in that German accent, "Shower! I want to be a prince so much of your feet and shove you out the window!" When I got to middle, my mom and dad would have to meet at the principals' office. There was that little misquoting for a while, that it didn't work out. It's hard to compress your dad when you're in the principals' office for being stupid.

It was the school part of high school that I really had a problem with. Otherwise there were some great times. At one point, my hair was shaved short on each side, like on I had the short hair and the black lipstick and all the black liquid eyeliner that made me look like a vampire, with the black liquid eyeliner that ran off my body parts. I actually received an excuse in high school so that I didn't have to sing at a play. I decided that's exactly my idea. It'd go on, it'd be a Let's see, here's the hair as in a whole. When my high school discovered to look me out, I had to fix me and get the school back on track. Only time I ever got it.

One of the first jobs I was pretty psyched about was at the Public Theater. That was all friendship. It was that time of your life when you don't know any better to know that you're sitting in the wing, playing of your life. Anyway, there is that sense where I sit up, look at the audience, and say

this one time, and it changes your laugh. One night as I'm doing it, I realize that I'm starting tonight and the bags go up, you know that in the mouth of Al Pacino. He's going to the audience next to Dorian Keaton—and he's really laughing. I couldn't believe it. I made Al Pacino laugh. It was not at the greatest moments I'd ever had. A moment like that can carry you for a year or two.

I'd done about seven hundred failed shows before *Friends*, and there was no reason to believe that *Friends* would be any different. Right before it aired, the director, Jimmy Korman, or Pops, as I call him—flaw the to us as Lou Vega. He makes me sit down and say, "You don't know what you're about to embark on. You better take care of each other." We had no idea what he was talking about. The first game was \$500 and said, "Dopey it. This is the last time you'll be able to walk through a scene without being bothered."

Pops was pretty cool. The first year, we shot to another one on summer reruns. People came on to me in a telephone one day and said, "We've been following you for blocks and just wanted to know if it was you, and could we have your autograph?" I'm standing there with toilet paper under one arm and sunglasses under another and I say, "Sure."

You know, I can remember sitting up in the morning when I was a teenager and to a record listening by Debra Dorn. My girl *Friends* and I had every one of their albums, including those rare albums from Europe with two songs that have never been heard. We had every video. Videos of the making of the videos. Anyway, I got up at the end of class and went with a red nose to the video store where they were doing the signing. There was already a line around the block. I turned all day with that red nose. Finally I work my way to the front of the line. All of a sudden, they look the doors and everybody in line goes crazy. And I'm standing there with that red nose from holding all these animals. Of course I was humiliated. That looking back I wonder: What did I want? What was I expecting? I don't understand it even now. I know that the red nose was a worthy of the attention of innocent girls. And yet, those girls are still not to have that, either just say I'm broken, which also now but that doesn't make it any easier to understand.

Then it was success at the speed of a asteroid. Then I'd try to go out on a date and there would be violent scenes at meetings. And before I even knew if there would be a second day. I'd read that it was engaged to the guy. That guy wasn't calling back. It's pretty cool to hear.

"The use of an at *Friends* would be appearing in each other. "You all right?" You also? And? This is a mistake!"

Then comes the inevitable backlash. I guess a group of young actors getting a lot of money is going to piss some people off. Now some of the media's trying to get spoiled brats. But it was more than that. "What the members of *Friends* trying to get it in motion?" They keep you day job? And so he knew it, it takes time to say out and try something different, to challenge yourself. You can't help but feel that this isn't life you're not supposed to jeopardize your success by trying anything else. The compromise starts getting the best of you. Something that you loved from the time you were a kid starts to get lost.

Nine years have passed, and the 4% of us did talk there of each other. No matter what problems any of us had, there was always Lou Korman's laugh. He has one of the all-time greatest, like a roller coaster going up—tick, tick, tick—before the big

Whether you're a little bit lower or you're in movies, should it you have the right to sunbathe without worrying that some peeping Tom is going to take pictures of you?

drop. There she goes! Then that can't speak, the crime. And so all that it and can't do any shooting for two hours. What's that saying? *Friends* are the family we choose.

The dark side never comprises the light side. But sometimes it feels like there's no necessary Lord knows, I wish I had a different situation with my mom. You know something: lots of daughters have difficult relationships with their mothers. Only when you're under a microscope, it gets played out in public. It's some kind of secret oral. You walk out of your therapist's office—he works out of his house in a quiet neighborhood—and there are four men with lenses pointing out. They say you're not nice and it comes with the territory that can somebody please tell me when I signed up for this? Whether you're a celebrity or you're on a movie screen, shouldn't you have the right to sunbathe without worrying that some Peeping Tom is going to take the well in your back yard and take pictures of you? I'll gladly go by the rules if somebody would just tell me what they are.

Here I'm on the set. Then that's where I was a kid. I'll admit it. Our dad. I was once the girl who wanted to know everything about Mom. Usually I knew people were to know about me and find. But I didn't want to go into the details of our marriage, because it's best not to. That's what helps keep it normal. Besides, there's nothing like information out there to let you a lifetime. But seeing that's a choice here, I will say one thing: I'll tell you about Brad's laugh. I don't know how to explain it except it sounds like a twelve-year-old boy who just threw a water balloon down on somebody that the other night. He was watching the *Roles*. Williams HBO special while I was making out in a room in another room, and our house that great machine room. I just looked up and giggled.

When I got the script to this movie, The Good Girl, I read it in an hour. The writer, Mike White, has an ability to create characters that are so unique and dysfunctional and human, with that clarity that makes people feel empathy for them at the same time. My first thought was, "This is sort of the night person." I called my agent. "Are they real? Let's go on before they realize they're not it in the wrong person."

On the first day of shooting, we entered in the middle of the month. Right at the center of my characters are, when I'd have him and she'd go to get rid of her life here and she'd do it. I know what to do, but then that got to get rid of him so the best these blackberries. I don't want to give away too



much, but I had to do this really mean scene with the blackberries on the very first day, and this first wedding to me, and now I think I'm sick. Mike White, the director, if maybe we could move the location and start with another scene. I'll never forget what he said: "The way I look at it, you might as well jump down first into the empty pool."

I jumped, and I'm glad I did. Who knows, maybe one day I'll be able to help down again. You know, I still can't see my mother. A while back I went to a hair salon with a bunch of friends. Courtney Cox got on that little sing-along just when her hair was. So did all the other friends around me. They're all better at it. "Go up up!" and I'm shaking on the back just looking for a place to hide. Every time they tried to pose me the microphones. I was sitting I had a giant gun on each hand.

"You know who I'm hoping?" One of these days there will be a moment when I can get up on that karaoke stage and sing. Let's face it: If I make a living making people laugh, will that stop here? ■



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It's Okay.
It's ART.

How do you take photographs of women wearing very little clothing and still be respected in the morning? I'll tell you. By Peter Lindbergh. AS TOLD TO CAL FUSSEMAN

THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF MEN IN YOUR PHOTOGRAPH: I AM ONE. THERE'S THE GOD that you expect to be easy. Then there's the God that you don't understand. He is a puzzle. And for some reason, when you're the outward limit of someone's power, you're a wilderness—because the reality between us is unpredictable. And that's what makes it great. The point, then, is that you find the truth, it's a discovery, not about the truth, the words are about all of them in one. The Superintending element in your eyes is because he has his way. There's nothing like him. Now, if you're a male and you're a man, then a woman is a woman. It's a woman.

(It's Okay, It's ART)

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INTER-DEPARTMENT DELIVERY

NOTE - CROSS OUT ENTIRE LINE WHEN RECEIVED AND RE-USE UNTIL ALL LINES ARE FULL

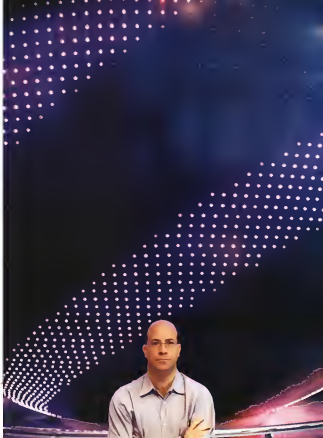
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REPORT ON A MALFUNCTION IN THE ZUCKER UNIT

The man who saved television (i.e., NBC's "Jeff Zucker") is brilliant, decisive, and iconic, but is otherwise quite likeable. All was well until we initiated a "humanizing" profile. We take up the story at this critical juncture.

BY JOHN H. SCHWABSON

Photographed by Anna Buck.





A childhood photo conversion: The childhood photo is on the left, the father left it to age into a young boy with no visible sign of anyone he is related to.

was as competitive, he'd get angry if he missed a return and would insist his parents tell him half an hour after lunch. He showed little interest in the arts but watched every episode of *Wagtail* and *The Wombles*.

This was a time of great excitement in the laboratory. Then the predictable troubles began. Other players grew, and the Zucker Unit did not. On the tennis courts, he began showing temper tantrums so fierce and embarrassing that his parents would force him to leave the court and drive him home. "The best thing we found," his mother said, "was trying to walk him through it. 'It's not right, Jeff.' But he'd go back in three weeks and do the same thing."

The lab was also very concerned. Was it truly impossible to harvest the remarkable pool of short stature without these kinds of negative consequences?

But Zucker relied again and through some mysterious inter-personal process managed to himself become the "natural" leader who was president of every class at North Miami High School and captain of the tennis team and editor of the school paper and also a teenage freelance reporter for *The Miami Herald*, so busy that he missed his homework at midnight and slept only as Sundays. He had a gift for getting the paper out. People seemed to like working for him.

His father was startled by the transformation. "All of a sudden he got into high school and he was Jeffrey the Superstar. It was strange. Where did he come from?"

From then the prodigy went down a list from his high school to stand Harvard, editor of *The Harvard Crimson*, producer of the *Yale show* at age twenty-six, head of NBC Entertainment at age thirty-five, with world-class habits so relentless that even casual cocaine couldn't slow him down—he scheduled chemotherapy on Fridays so he could get back to his desk by Monday. And yet most people find his diet decent and even humane, largely missing the occasional tantrum in the Zucker show control booth at the "gross-out" zones that raised so many before him. The calm center of his own personal storms, master of the vast, unmanageable paradox of a modern life, Zucker was the one flawless triumph of modern executive engineering.

David Lane

DETAILED INCIDENT REVIEW. Following the initial introduction detailed above, the reporter was brought into a "Specials and Alternatives" meeting with executive Jeff Gaspie. The introduction was to dispense the reporter's understanding of Zucker's day-to-day tasks. "On the speech side [I] just give you the highlights," Gaspie began, promising to ignore the copiers. "The Cashie [email], as you know, taped last week. We got a cut the end of that week."

"That's quick?"

"Yeah, we get it Friday. But we're switching segments all along. I've given them notes, but they're doing a next job. Kathy did the Job Report on last week. We'll also get a rough cut of that by the end of this week, early next week. Guess those comments are coming along fine."

There were no more notes, no more details and this is what tanning a TV network is really about: David Schickelstein and

Jennifer Aniston haven't signed their releases for the biopics yet. One grew into the press people in the commentary and they flipped for *Start My Job*. The *Whenever Happened You are not Happening*. And *There's the Science for the Whoppers* movie and the telecast-holding-outside-on-Fred Dyer and a collision between the two female stars who went the same part. And *Cherry* is off the air two years in May. But Ted Danson doesn't want to do a reunion show to make a movie! And what about that under-researched? The plot did well on ABC but it's still up for grabs. "Victims' Secret," you definitely wouldn't do it."

A year into the job, Zucker was still best known for bringing newsmen shows like *Bar Bar Bar* to the "premade" network. Maybe that accounts for his father's:

"Think about it. I'm talking to Zucker."

"The number was pretty good," Zucker showed.

"On a Thursday night it was a lot. For ABC, which is double anything they've ever done. So just think about that. There was a lead in. All those little boys and girls watching. It's done. There are things."

A female was also discussed. "It doesn't pay back that good for what you're getting?"

"It's not about payback. It's a question of what is as bad about it? Is it a representation of women? Is that the biggest?"

"Men's lives?"

"What if they put men in?"

Making his decision, Zucker became a boy bit more calm, a bit of the quiet, inner peace he got from putting one more piece into the great puzzle. "He didn't need it," he said. "We don't need it. It's just a question of whether you want it."

"I wouldn't do it."

Done. And on to the New Miami series (which he got sponsors to "hire" him) the star and it fell down a 25 or 20 share with team) and *Dumb and Dumber* Game Show Contests (which went to be called that because it might offend the community) and pulling some talent into *Bar of the Network* (Zucker made notes, Zucker made decisions).

Then another meeting beckoned.

"Oh, well," Gaspie said. "I got a pit for *Baden and Gomer* (that was his last interesting) and it was one of our highest ratings—no one's looking at it now. Nobody knows the story because they didn't put it out. But everybody knows all I see the pay back in the office to create a little interesting story about two legends, *Baden and Gomer*, and two kings, and it's a story that makes place them. It's kind of amazing if you want to go down that path."

ASSESSMENT OF REPORTER REACTION, PART ONE

At this point, conditions were optimal. Like most people, the reporter was surprised by Zucker's odd show, his quality of being amused and very alert and also a somewhat strange combination that is a mystery to people. While he is talking to you, Zucker will check his e-mail and finish a note, and it doesn't matter because he's still giving you his full attention—and little by little you sense that he's never stepping in. He's slow and you're just a tiny sliver of a side in the way of green screens rolling past his eyes. "You're the way the reporter found himself wanting to help him. You're not. You don't want to see any negative at all."

The reporter had been told by a reliable source that when Zucker did his first show, he was a very good person. Zucker had told him to make a decision and serve second-guessers himself. Like the way he handled *Cat* only when only a signant read to get too aggressive or control expectations. "He canceled the show and put on a taped show. Next day he had a signed deal."

Behind that, all agreed, there were no secrets. What you see is what you get. Zucker is America's Unconquered Man.

His own mother told the reporter, "His's extremely bright, but not complicated."

The reporter was also told pertinent information: how Zucker came with his years of *Today*-show training to meet the public want to see and how he knew that the NBC rule book, not just the *Today* show but by cutting into *Today* by "supplanting" *People* to forty minutes and filling the hour with segments of *Saturday Night Live* (later he put the word out to bring on shows, adventures, shows, shows that "aren't your parents' or friends'").

The phrase "out of the box" was used repeatedly. We attempted to convey to the reporter the example of a book to put in a one-day interview. The words came out after ABC came out with one camera already called *Dark Blue* (Aniston). Or when all it means is finally arranging, again when everyone is out to do more and under the table they're fighting out how to save a few million in this year's budget by giving the sports guys a show that it's okay if the game runs over and bumps the movie. But the general thoughtfulness was noted at the desk of Zucker himself, who readily acknowledged the failures of *Emery* and *David* (Sevens) and showed the genius of *Harvard* (ABC), a show performed in and time in a clock count down twenty-five minutes. They were shown that "that too many guests in one and tried to be too cool and too hip for the show. The average viewer, they didn't cut them and another show shows the same way we do. Or the critics do. They just want to be entertained, you know?" This year they were going for a more "great and great" approach.

But there was still the problem of finding a replacement for *People*. Zucker and his team seemed to nearly five hundred prizes and commissioned one hundred shows. The candidates included shows about in American Indian people that moves to Ireland, a *Black* show which has a family in a strange ritual ways, and modern suburban shows (a *Summer* "porn movie" in their midst). But the show that had already existed was *Jeopardy!*. "Sometimes things run funny at the table and that doesn't work anymore," Zucker told the reporter. "On the table read doesn't work. But it plays funny. It's as nice that it's great all the way through. *Jeopardy!* has been great all the way through."

Now they were shorter about the prize, a dozen comedies and a few more dramas. In a week, Zucker would present his choices to thousands of advertisers at NBC's annual "Globe" convention.

It seemed the perfect time to permit a glimpse of Zucker in action.

DETAILED INCIDENT REVIEW, CONT'D

At the Greyhound headquarters, the reporter arrived at the usual padded double door with the red light that flashes when the actors are taping. Inside there was a *Becker* running the length of the studio, and a host of it was a series of little sets one after another like a state fair shooting gallery—first a room, then a bathroom, a bar, an apartment, a bare nightclub stage. Presently Zucker arrived at this new set of development exercises and the show began. The first scene was set in a comedy club. "I bought a drink-water today," a comedian said. "His name is 'B'."

After the first scene, the executives walked on past to the city's apartment and walked (no return) home from the road. This reached a lot of work to do, establishing three characters and the passage of the show and also creating "color" with them, which in practice means to be the usual combination of anti-humor with hope-you-see-incompleteness. The result is a serious dispositive



...and he is giving it all up to raise his daughter, who is "the reason the plane stays in the sky where I'm coming home." When it ended, Zucker smiled: "So far, so good."

ZUCKER MET WITH the reporter again the following day and (in accordance with the requirements of his *Entertainment* Clip!) readily admitted that *Greg Giddis* was not his favorite show. "It's in a lot better shape than it was," he said. "We'll see this week and when we tape it."

Despite the pressing issue of the French replacement, he welcomed an executive named Mitch Melsiff who had come to discuss the fall movie lineup. For November they had *The Bone Collector*; *The Talented Mr. Ripley*; *Rain the Girls*; and *GoldenEye*. "These four are good," And *Knockout* will do well on Sunday, right?

"Yes. The one thing we don't have is *Thinksgiving*."
 "How would the Providence movie do there?"
 "I think Providence would be a bigger home run."
 "Better than *ER*?"
 Madsiff nodded.

This meeting went on and on to five-thirty o'clock for the second week? *Foxy Q* off again? The Oscars? Meanwhile Universal has proposed to buy back a movie so *Providence* is doing a study. And why were the numbers off last September? Was it the *Empire* or *9/11*? And will *A. A. Law: The Movie* be thirty-five-plus? And what about doing two hour long *Dominick*?

"Oh, for the summer? New artist?"

Of course not, Melsiff said. Actual journalism would be expensive and time-consuming. But what about compiling all the sex scenes *Dominick* has done over the years? Psychics and cowboys and whatever? You could put it on Friday and bump some playbidders.

Aslight lean emanated from the Zucker chair. He liked the idea.

The poster photograph another profile connection, whereas Madsiff attempted to simulate a contemplative moment.

ON TO THE OFFICE of Scott Suss, an executive just above Zucker in the NBC chain of command. On the walls, there's a dramatic broken plate (Schubert), four TVs, and the obligatory Hollywood Luchsteinstein. A poster leans against the wall. Suss is a man and two women attended the meeting, starting off with a kind of executive warm-up that requires heavy deployment of words like *gross* and *symplo*. One executive said he'd just seen the clip package for *The Tonight Show*'s tenth anniversary special and "Steve [Belushi] has done a terrific job," and another executive said the *TV Guide* entry turned out great and so was the thing they did for *TV* so when they put a lock-off camera on Hollywood Boulevard next to a sign that says "A LA TO GO. So why not take it to other cities?" It's a trifling, a new department? Speaking of which, doesn't it make sense to send it to San Francisco for a day? And they're looking for a director for the Conan O'Brien show so they interviewed Bob McKinnon, who did

"The Today show." Zucker said. "I love McKinnon."
 "Speaking of decisions, we were approached to make a new deal for the director of *The Tonight Show*."

"Ellen Brown."

Zucker knows all the names.

Then an executive brought up a more difficult topic: "I think there's a case to be made that maybe we shouldn't still away from *East Friday* just yet."

"No, but sales wasn't it," Zucker said.

"The numbers do not support an extension."

Zucker cut him off. "Actually they have been pretty defensive."

"I just want to be fair to *East Friday* and to them have their day in court. They're fighting for their show."

"I understand. As they should. But on the other hand, Sales has been pretty defensive that they actually want to sell *Lost Cliff* with *Conan* only and not *East Friday*. We have something with *Conan* that has become more sales friendly but also I think just creating more excitement. And quite frankly, *East Friday* which I like a lot, hasn't created that excitement. We can sit here and have everybody do a dip-and-pony show, but the reality is we're just searching for a way to work."

The executive agreed and agreed again but couldn't help pointing out that the *Lost Cliff* ratings were not actually all that good.

"I know," Zucker said. "The fact is *Lost Cliff* isn't really doing any better than the *SCV* in terms of replacement, correct? Marginally but they aren't about ratings. This is about sales."

So crap, so certain, so nothing.

Perhaps too much.

SUBSEQUENTLY ZUCKER dashed to Redford Studios for a run-through of a show called *Life at Five Feet*. This show was one of his favorites: a talking candidate for the post-*Friends* environment. It is about a short, chunky woman who wants to be a writer and has no money in the opening scene, we see her hiding bills behind pillows and under dressers. There is a supermodel who has to go down with a column for her; and by the end of the show the column is a big lie, and, once writing the column makes the writer feel pretty and publishing it under her name makes the supermodel feel worse, they decide to continue the arrangement as long as the writer shall live.

Aside from several obvious problems with the plot, the actors

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were engaging and there were a few laughs, and the executives walked from set to set, smiling and saying things like "good line" or "I'm a big man." When it was over, they waved their way through the sets to a back room.

"It was good," Zucker said. But not so funny. "They've heard these jokes so many times that they've taken out some jokes that were funny," Zucker said. "What do you mean?"

"The pineapple joke!"
"The pineapple joke was there?"
"It's the ending that's not funny enough," suggested another executive.

"There's too much body language going on," said another. "She's frowning when she's just delivering the lines straight."

The executive's comments weren't working either. Zucker said take the supermodel line about how the costume made her feel smart. It was too fast or something. And the writer's emotional moment about feeling pretty was a problem, too. They had to get that right. "Cause that's where the heart of it comes from, when they're actually realizing what the other person can do for them."

THAT NIGHT Zucker and Sasso appeared at an event for the president of the Academy of Television Arts & Sciences, who threw out tough questions like, How does NBC plan to deal with commercial-carrying technology like TiVo and HBO, and why can't the network come up with something new, like *The Talkshow*?

Answering this sort of an audience was a problem, too. They had to be witty. In the old days, he said, TV executives used to hire a phrase. They used for the product to be sold into the households of America. "Just objective, programming." They were making television for the advertisers, not the audience. But lately that business model has become shaky. "With the Internet and cable, we have to make programming that people really want to see," Sasso admitted.

In retrospect, we can all agree that it was unfortunate the reporter was there to hear this.

Then someone asked about all the "ad clutter" and Zucker used the day with another of his supremely confident, self-deprecating jokes. "You call it clutter," he said. "We call it paying for Friends."

WELCOME TO MEDIA DAY! Here at the Mondrian hotel, where the barely dressed all look like sleek African lions in their matching red suits, NBC took over the whole third floor and let reporters from all over America set up their cameras to private rooms. The stars took the hotel, giving from camera to camera, giving each reporter from their "exclusive" interview. There goes *Friday* Fall. There's Ed McMahon talking on a cell phone. And there's Mr. T bawling down on the Zucker trail. "Why can't you make a show for me? You got the writers! You can't use that as an excuse! Make it happen! You're being lazy! It's a team effort!"

"An A Train effort," Zucker said, looking away.
"So you leave me? Slipping out? That's the way you do me?"
Zucker laughed. "What if your name again?"

FINALLY IT WAS TIME for the reporter to observe a live rehearsal of *Jo-Love*. "It'll be your last for today," the writer's co-writer said to the studio audience. "This is called a run-through. You're going to see a brand-new network show never seen before by a live audience." Then the producer of the show made a speech to the audience: "All these people you see down here are industry

bigwigs. They're not important and all that, but really they're not. You guys are the ones that are important here. And so we're all here hoping to hear from you."

The producer was Kehley Grammer. He was wearing a baseball cap backward and a T-shirt that said: *see some more...*

The show was about a pair of newswomen who move in with the bride's parents to save money—the conflict between the sensitive modern woman and the gruff father-in-law who can't stand "hearing my little girl being mounted on the next room." When it was over, NBC development chief Kenny Kacker found himself standing next to the reporter and asked him how he liked it.

He looked startled and uncomfortable. "I don't think I'm the audience for that show," he murmured.

Quickly, Zucker went to join Zucker in the circle of executives discussing the show. "The A-Zucker emerged and told the reporter there were about 30 notes. It was that good. "They just got it."

ASSESSMENT OF REPORTER REACTION, PART TWO
Clearly we were in trouble at this point. The reporter was beginning to ask too many questions. Over a hunch at the Palm, he persisted in making personal inquiries in the Zucker that skillfully deployed the "common man" line. "Now you're really putting me on the couch." When pressed, Zucker answered questions directly enough but with a bland detachment that discouraged further discussion. It's possible that he failed to fully conceal his contempt at this unrelenting line of questioning, which may be why the disgruntled reporter asked why the NBC publicity unit made him available for a profile in the first place. "To promote the hell show," Zucker said with comical self-hatred.

DETAILED INCIDENT REVIEW, CONT'D. A week later, Zucker received the reporter's show now after in Rochester Plaza or New York. The discussions have been made. Zucker said: "You picked *Meet the Parents*?"

"No, *Love*!"
"No, *Love*. Yeah, sorry."
"We're gonna go with *Jo-Love*," Zucker said. "Dennis Farina is a huge star. Our casting confirmed that."
"It's the father?"
"Dennis Farina, yeah?"
"It's a huge star?"
"Yeah."

"Okay," the reporter said. Zucker detailed the rest of the jokes, which include *Good Morning Miami* and a "9-11 *comedy*" called *Hidden With* as well as a crime show set in L.A. and on "reality" drama about a crime family. They would help *Life at Five Feet* on the back burner.

"So what was the problem with *Life at Five Feet*?"
"There's no problem," Zucker responded. "You can't order everything. But we think there's a lot of potential, and we just want to make it a little bit."

He paused to check the ratings. They were good.
"There's still possible with the opening."
"Yeah, I think the first scene needs some work."

Struggling seriously, the reporter admitted that he'd been pushing over to television executives lately. "Having watched them more than I normally do, it seems as though it's a very weird form that doesn't go anywhere. There's a little plot, but it's really about the jokes and the relationships, so there's sort of a fishing of personalities about a lot of them."

The Zucker Unit didn't stop a beat. "I [continued on page 169]

IF YOU FOUND IT WOULD YOU TELL?



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Welcome to noir Hollywood, where money buys happiness, talk is cheap, and trouble is a tall, cool blond in a low-cut dress. Inspired by the most stylish genre in the history of film, novelist and screenwriter John Ridley penned some scenes to help Esquire showcase the classic suit style that are just killing them this season.

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Screenplay.....John RIDLEY

Photographs.....Ellie SEMOTAN

STARRING

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Gavin (the Husband).....Udo KIER

Nick (the Boyfriend).....Thomas JANE

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Quesada
My husband is getting the idea

Abstract

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systems and a different type of hazard is associated with computers.

But you don't know what the view is!

lie you believe. And lie you said, he's had a bad

Many are young. Did anyone want nothing to do with

Accepting to share the young Hollywood ways.

ENTER THE CONTEST. SHOW US YOUR CREATIVITY. FOR A CHANCE TO WIN, VISIT WWW.CHEVROLET.COM/CONTEST.

idea yet, but he will get it again. He will push it

Keywords: social support; self-esteem; coping strategies

2015 Christmas Eve around the house. The night

don't let her say just what I do. things. I'm only
remembering the way she did.

There is little need to discuss the health consequences

old movies. This doesn't buy much. This time, it

Just comes from her lounge in Nick. She comes

And you, little—what do you want?

any answer is to put her close, keep her near. I have
 done so every day, and she's happy to be close to me.

SEE CUT TO INT. BEATRICE'S CAR

(one of any number of high end stores that

with the largest (100) between small and large forest, and a smaller size of 100 for the same forest.

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...and I was just glad to be there.

time certainly looked like *Style* was something!

— 200 —

The authors gratefully acknowledge Dr. R. A. Smith

Lamborghini to Lotus: meeting Agip. Every one is

first stop of every producer who wants his way into

[illegible]

retrieval log shows a good match between

FIGURE 1 (continued)

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small go by today through the money-lens. I
would have said, however, on a more subtle level.

and 2000 were as common as *Parus major*.

City I needed a few bedtime story. This was

even Stan being off her own back? Take courage!

that, when she did have that body of her that could

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out of the wood at a bolt.

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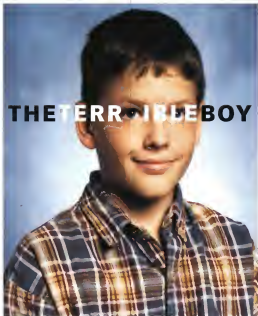
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Q&A: Just what are you growing? What's the flower? It's Hollywood—we would never believe a writer had an idea worth killing for!

Next (p. 5)
Her lips to mine, mouth to mouth, she fed me her passion, and that was all I took. When I was going down, and didn't care, I gave her the stout goods the girl to her husband a kinder price, and she drove it in, just as well.

High up in the Hollywood Hills, roads often reach the edge of a canyon and a road sign warns you of the bluff. As you drive, a British car Kiangs out, given a beat later the take down by the hand is out toward the bluff. As you drive the ground has fallen, it's like the cliff is falling the guy up the three steps for the quick drop. The end of a street.



THE TERRIBLE BOY

REMEMBER BULLIES? There's now a movement to eradicate them, legislate them out of existence. The movement got a lot of its momentum from the boy pictured above. His name is Jonathan Miller. He hit a boy. The boy died. Jonathan's doing life. This is a story about what children do to other children and what happens when we decide that children deserve to be treated precisely like adults. **BY TOM JUNOD**

Was Jonathan Miller terrible? Was he mean enough, bad enough, heinous enough? Did he love enough? Maybe not. Probably not. Unlike many terrible boys, he had his sympathies. He loved animals. He loved his family and his friends. He loved the downgrades and was known to stand up for them when the terrible boys came calling. He was a Boy Scout, for God's sake. He just didn't want to go to school, said, in one particularly, he didn't want to go to school in Cherokee County, Georgia. He was from New York, you see. He'd lived happily near Kingston, just outside from New York City, where he was born. When his father, who worked for a large computer company, transferred to Woodstock, an what used to be the outer edge of Atlanta he asked to stay in New York with his grandparents. When his parents refused his request, he took on the trappings of the terrible, hoping somehow to achieve by negative means what he couldn't by positive—hoping to force his parents' hand by being locked out of the seventh grade.

What did he do? Oh, the usual: his parents say—well stuff. He shot spitballs. He mouthed off to teachers when provoked. He flailed at a lady teacher when he was at the "kiddie house." He talked at a lady teacher with a sharp stab of his fingers. He dropped a paper ball out of a girl's grasp, his back up, making no in the principal's office, then couple of both forms of suspension, "in school" and "in home." Three odd times,



HERE IS NOTHING ON THIS EARTH SO TERRIBLE AS A TERRIBLE BOY. A terrible boy has learned the specifics of cruelty without learning the generosity of mercy. A terrible boy worships what is worst in himself and disdains what is best. A terrible boy is alienated by his own sense of civility and seeks connection through the certainties of slaughter. A terrible boy makes enemies with his enemies, for he wishes above all to make his enemies sets—and to entertain himself by squashing them both. When a terrible boy closes his hand, he finds a fist, when he opens it, he finds a rock. So terrible are terrible boys that armies the world over have discovered the utility of using them to do their bidding. So terrible are terrible boys that aboriginal tribes used to dispatch them on impossible and selfless missions, hoping they would come back tempered by quest and grow into men. We who demand something softer from our civilization, have no such uses for terrible boys and no such uses, instead, we call them bullies and by new and coming consensus seek to outlaw them.

Jonathan and Alan Miller were called with regard to their son's behavior, but never did they concede that he was terrible boy, and though he came damn close to getting kicked out of E. T. Booth Middle School, Jonathan seemed to calm down when he moved on to Elsworth High, except on the school bus. He didn't like riding the bus, for his brother had a car, and so he adopted the same strategy with regard to the bus that he had once employed with regard to middle school. He pursued the possibility of lateral entry. He was in the back and moved half, causing the rest of the riders—who were generally students at E. T. Booth rather than Elsworth's and a year or so younger than Jonathan—to wriggle when he got on. Indeed, for the purposes of achieving a triumphant suspension, he carried in his pockets numerous and knobby-poked he obtained from the school cafeteria, and on November 3, 1998, he took—or may not—have thrown one at the head of a boy sitting a few rows in front of him, an eighth grader named Joshua Bellardo.

In retrospect, in and of itself, the offense—even in light of what was to happen—of a terrible boy free of all the boy who was sitting next to Jonathan was not to that day that whatever was drawn at Josh was drawn by someone else. Second, Josh didn't like Jonathan any more than Jonathan liked Josh. They lived one house away from each other on a side-de-se called Meadow Creek, and though they were friendly enough when Jonathan first moved in—Josh Bellardo being in

Jonathan's recollection the first boy he met when he moved to Georgia—they quickly accepted the sense of mutual enmity. They were just very different, and not of the same story. In his town, Josh was a troublemaker in the neighborhood. Josh was new. Josh was quiet, while Jonathan had, in the words of his mother, "a mouth on him." Josh was athletic. Jon professed that activities in which he could keep to himself were preferred, the reason only they could know they had been edging toward night flyers, and on the day that, when Josh asked Jonathan if choosing the mascot poster, Jonathan challenged him to fight, and Josh answered by inviting him to fight in his yard. When the two stopped at the corner of Shadow Cove and DeWoods Drive, Josh got off first and cut across a neighbor's lawn on the way to his house. Jonathan, following behind him, found his right hand and found a fist. His back hurt as he went through steps to close the gap between them. Then with patterned muttering—and without a word of warning—he saw Josh Bellardo in the back of his head and knew in that one terrible instant a terrible boy. No, he became more than that. For the purposes of the school, for the purposes of the state, and for the purposes of the media he became a bully, and as a bully he became, barely one month past his 13th birthday, a man who committed murder.

THIS IS A STORY ABOUT cruelty and enmity. It is a story about the mercy available in this trial, and how it—or its absence—shapes not only the lives of American boys: terrible and admirable, but American boyhood itself. We in America today are learning not to cancel our boyhoods in their common cruelty, and as a result, a boy perceived as cruel—Jonathan Miller—was on the edge of the line, no longer a boy at all. When I was a boy, we sat at the mercy of the crowd, for the crowd means only at the mercy of itself, themselves. There was no stopping them if they didn't want to be stopped. Our freedom was precise, but they were advanced at terrible cost: the cost of terrible boys. This is a story then, about what we do when we try to do without terrible boys. It is a story not just of one terrible boy but of two, and of the narrow test when we assume that terrible boys must be terrible forever.

Jonathan Miller was one of the most available boys I ever met. For a brief time, I was a terrible boy. I was a terrible boy for a boy named, for the purposes of this story, Timmy Triambi. I was a terrible boy because this, I wasn't by choice, or strong enough, or powerful enough, or strong enough. I didn't even know that I was a terrible boy until Timmy Triambi sat in front of me in the fifth grade. I was smart, I was athletic. I was cleverer in a particularly Catholic way. When Timmy Triambi sat in front of me, though, I was meek. It wasn't smart that he was smaller than I was, or that I was bigger, stronger, more powerful—smaller—than he was. It was that he made me feel bigger, stronger, more powerful—smaller. He was new, 11 years old, barely like me, and on friends, he had them all. He asked me one day why my favorite song was. He volunteered that his own favorite was "Roxanne" by the Hot Hot Hot, and I remembered all the details he named. Timmy Triambi? Timmy Triambi was just a boy, and from that observation—that observation—I

defused what it was that Timmy Triambi did—what it was I could make him do. Timmy Triambi was a bully, and so I could make him do what he did. I could make him cry. It took me a while to test my theory. For most of the year I kept a tie to myself, as my own little secret, and one day a softball fight broke out in my class. We had a lot of softball fights in the fifth grade. Our teacher had died of a heart attack before Christmas, and so we were often unsupervised by substitutes. Fifth grade was one frenzied creature, but on this day when I saw Timmy Triambi standing against the blackboard, the class divided, and during took over. The crowded classroom consisted suddenly of me and him, and now he did stand in front of me and methodically pummeled me with softballs. He didn't fight back or raise a voice of his own. He just stood there, as if counting on the extent of my injury, and what he found instead was the compass of my cruelty. He did nothing to stop me, and for some reason his lack of resistance failed to get to me. But I got it. I just kept going, throwing the ball, and he had his hand with a thumb of spit—my spit—just in time to make black tears. He didn't cry, though, not at first. A teacher was returning to me class after lunch, and to protect me—yes, me—my terrible resilience, a group of boys stood around me—as an insurance. That insurance, I was unshaken and exposed, and when I found a wall of myself, I raised a peer between my fingers and with a single puff of breath shot the other side at an assigned bull's-eye at the center of Timmy Triambi's forehead. The shot hit its target, and the target bounced off the little red mark it had captured in Timmy Triambi's skin. It must have hurt a little, he must have felt something of a nip, but that didn't explain what happened next. No, as I think of it now, he was not so much a bully as he was an innocent, with no better memory to bear cruelty as an American boyhood had to remember. He simply had no immunity to what I was all about, and when he saw what I was all about—when he saw the face of the terrible boy before him—well, he didn't merely cry, and I didn't merely make him cry. I hit a gusher.

What began that day lasted at least a year, or maybe so long as a year and a half—in the sixth grade. I had never known that I was a predator, but now I had found my prey. I was a bully in the truest sense of the word, which is to say the modern sense of the word, which is to say the sense of the word as now defined by activists and experts whose studies have helped form the debate about the justice denied by Jonathan Miller. I called him a monster because as what I perceived as a dignity in power, and I awarded my power by the pain I could inflict. Indeed, the more I've come to understand about bullying, the more I've come to understand that I was more of a bully in my relationship with Timmy Triambi than Jonathan Miller ever was in his relationship with Joshua Bellardo, and so, when it came to the question of mercy for Jonathan Miller—the question of mercy for terrible boys in general—I decided to call the one expert whose qualifications I personally ascribed. I decided to call Timmy Triambi.

YOU REMEMBER THEM, of course. You remember the bullies, you remember the terrible boys. If you were lucky, you remember your own personal terrible boy the

Teen faces adult trial in death

15-year-old suspect held without bail after comatose beating victim, 13, dies



one designed for you. You a bully with your name on it. How could you forget how he made you. He helped form you, and for all his cruelty, he helped you grow up by standing like a sentry on the road to adulthood. Once you stand it past him, you were home free.

What you don't remember is a school like Drenth High, in the town of Woodstock, in the county of Cherokee in the state of Georgia. Drenth is where Jonathan Miller went to school. It is where Josh Bellardo—a student at E. T. Booth Middle School—would have gone to school if Jonathan Miller hadn't killed him. Drenth is a large school in what used to be a rural county in rural town, like the rest of America, into a shopping opportunity. Occupying the center of what might be termed a sprawling "suburban" complex, it is a fine line between school buses with both E. T. Booth

Middle School and Chapman Elementary School. Because it is even with some of America's terrible little high lines—between the people who have lived there for a long time, the people who have recently moved there, and the people just passing through—Drenth is unremarkable in feel and corporate interest. It is a school that prides itself on giving its students choices, and so it is a school where most students choose to remain insulated by nothing but their own sanctuary. It is, in other words, absolutely average, a school not unlike, say, Columbia, outside of Denver. Its homogeneity accretes conformity, and conformity presents the terrible boys their opportunities to be terrible. It is at schools like Drenth—its so routine. And unlike—where bullying is not just an individual incident to a social and political war because it is at schools like Drenth where the nature of



to ask. He was not dead. The only silence left to him was that he was able to sit down among the merited among the legions of those brave by the trial, but from what I knew of adolescence, I knew that sometimes all that separates the crowd from the merited is one irreparable moment. In this case that day, there were two such moments for Brian Head. In the first, the gun didn't go off. In the second, it did and what I wanted to say, Bill Miller was if he ever allowed himself to wonder what he would have believed his family had a child he was threatened in Brian's gun when he pointed at the boy who stopped him. If he ever allowed himself to think that his son was just one irreparable moment from being remembered not as one of the victims of the terrible boys but as a terrible boy himself.

ON NOVEMBER 3, 1996, Jonathan Miller and Josh had been back for their first irreparable moment. There's all of us, really, think how long it takes to throw a punch. Because the moment was irreparable, however, people asked how long Jonathan had that punch in him and started focusing on as the irreparable moment but rather as the irreparable life.

Here is the irreparable moment. Two boys, Josh and Jonathan, laugh but not afraid, two grades apart as school and eleven months apart in age, sat on Cherokee County school bus number 155, which serves both E. T. Booth Middle School and Kennesaw High School. Josh was in what may be roughly defined as the middle of the bus. Jonathan was in the back with his friend, James Nickshorn. They are supposed to go upstairs that night near a local lake, and they start moving their plans. Or, rather, they start discussing their plans and that goes on until twelve-thirty to some sound on the school bus—disturbance. They begin discussing pockets of ketchup and mustard at some of the other boys, and the other boys start throwing packets of ketchup and mustard at them. One of the buses, one of the packets hit Josh in the back of his head. Later, some of the kids will say that Jonathan then is James Nickshorn's willing help. It doesn't really matter. This is their moment, the moment they've been holding for ever since the Miller family moved to Dekalb County, one house away from the Bellandos. Josh turns around and glances at Jonathan. Jonathan responds by asking him to fight. Right there in the school bus. Josh is going headfirst into the fight (the fight will take place not on the bus but on his front lawn, after they get off "All right, look," Jonathan says "All right, fight." "See you gonna kick his ass," one of the kids tells him. "Yeah, I'm gonna kick his ass," Jonathan answers. "How you gonna kick his ass, Joe?" the kid asks. "I don't know," Jonathan says and later, at the trial, one kid will say that Jonathan attacked the kids. "Maybe I'll hit him from behind!"

Bus number 155 turns into the Port Victoria neighborhood and stops at Shadow Cove. Josh gets off the bus and heads for his front lawn. Jonathan follows, with James Nickshorn following behind him. Jonathan reaches up behind Josh and hits him in the back of his head before he ever reaches his front lawn. Josh dodges his front. Jonathan takes on, after seeing and him hit him. Josh falls to his neighbor's grass, and Jonathan kicks him in the side. The fight, in

Jonathan's mind, is over, and he may or may not stand over Josh, raising his fist in resolution. This is really a moment, Jonathan and James leave Josh behind and go to Jonathan's house to prepare their caregivers. They don't realize the "fight"—or what prosecutors will later call "the assault," the Bellandos, "the attack," and the Millers, "the incident" or "the accident"—is Jonathan's father when they stop him to him, and then, as it is their cousin, they beat for the woods in back of the Millers' house. Someone standing on Shadow Cove sees them and calls Jonathan's name. Jonathan hears the name in the woods, sees the outlines of the storm gathering where Josh fell, and runs. He hides with James in a nook in the woods, then makes off to a friend's house. By now, he knows he is in trouble, but he can't imagine what he can't imagine that his trouble is irreparable. Jonathan can't imagine that his trouble was irreparable. "I didn't think I hit him hard," he will say later. Certainly, he can't imagine that his first punch opened a microscopic tear in Josh's virginal army and so by the time he threw his second punch, blood was flowing. Josh's brain, and so by the time he hit Josh in the side, Josh was, for all intents and purposes, already dead. He can't imagine Josh having purple on the grass, as Josh's sister, Kaita, crying over him and begging her brother to live, at Josh's disposal, a bus driver for the Cherokee County schools, learning about what was happening to her son by radio dispatch. And so, he can't imagine that with one punch he has destroyed not only Josh's life but also his own, as well as the lives of two friends. He's a kid, after all, so he can't imagine moments in terms of that irreparable or outcomes in terms of consequences that are as final as they are irreversible. He just knows he is in trouble, and when his friend drives him home, just the ambulance and police cars and fire trucks he dumps at the end. He wants to tell his father what happened—what he did—but he is too late. A policeman sees him and arrests him. He is charged with aggravated assault and aggravated battery, and when Josh is taken off life support two days later, he is charged, as an adult, with felony murder. He is fifteen, and Josh was—the same terrible word a parent can hear—thirteen.

Jonathan's irreparable life begins that night, at television and the next morning, in the newspapers. The work of a martyr, the challenge he meets, the attempts at heroism, the first punch, the second punch, the link in the case, the two friends' protection of Jonathan's victory dance. Everything was at the news stories, but what might have been adolescent egotism was now judged by the man of permanence. Jonathan had been in trouble a lot, it is reported, until one day Josh couldn't take it anymore. Jonathan didn't like gay people. Jonathan said, "I like gay people deserved to die, or something. Joshua didn't just die at the bus stop, he died at the hands of the 'bus-stop bully.' Joshua didn't die as the consequence of a punch, he died as a consequence of bullying. Bullying was bull. Bellendos was bull. Joshua was bull. The death of Josh Bellendo became the murder of Josh Bellendo, and the murder of

Josh Bellendo entered its endless afterlife as an object lesson in what one bullying high school "the murder of an innocent victim in America today." Jonathan referred himself to as an innocent victim, and Jonathan, although certainly not the first "well-known bully" in Cherokee County—although not even the first well-known bully involved in a fatality at Enoch High School—entered his earthly center as the first bully in Cherokee County intended to be the last.

Indeed, both Cherokee County and the state of Georgia changed laws and policies in a direct result of Josh's irreparable death and Jonathan's irreparable life. In early 1999 Cherokee County established "three strikes" anti-bullying programs in all of its schools, whereby bullies would be expelled or assigned to alternative schooling after three third offenses, whether verbal or physical. At the same time, the county hired a police chief for its anti-bullying system, and the police did not go to the schools and officers in all the public and high schools under his supervision but also under him instead of the daily attendance of the schoolyard. A threat was no longer a threat, specific enough it counted as simple threats. A show was no longer a show, forceful enough it counted as simple assault. The change in the state began in Cherokee, when a reporter called state representative Clark School and asked, "What are you going to do about bullying?" In January, School responded by drafting what was known referred to as the Josh Bellendo bill and pushing it through Georgia's state legislature session. The bill basically spelled out the rest of the counties in Georgia to adopt anti-bullying policies, and when Jonathan Miller went to trial in the mid-April Representative School voted the courtrooms to name the Bellandos and extend his conclusions. He did not speak to the Millers for he believed what he had heard from chief judge Michael Roach—that the trial of Jonathan Miller on felony-murder charges was the tragic result of the Millers' refusal to discipline their son.

The trial of Jonathan Miller, terrible boy, began on April 26, 1998, six days after two terrible boys earned out their shelter in Columbus. Jonathan's lawyers met their a companion, but Judge Roach denied the motion, and the trial began, with both the defense and the prosecution coming something so from.

The defense introduced that Jonathan killed Joshua and asked the jury to consider Jonathan's evolution, marriage, and the prosecution concluded that Jonathan was intended to kill Joshua, because, under Georgia's felony-murder statute, it did not have to prove that Jonathan intended to kill Jonathan. Under Georgia's felony-murder statute, all it needed to prove was that Jonathan intended to commit the felony leading up to Joshua's unintended death—felony battery and felony assault—and all it needed to prove was that Jonathan was capable boy. "Ladies and gentlemen, the defense is praying on your desire and the desire of all people to believe that children are innocent, that fifteen-year-olds couldn't mean to hurt each other," the prosecutor, Rachelle Caruso, said in her summation. "We know better than that. We know that children enjoy day to horrible things to other children." Then, "The victim wasn't the aggressor. The victim was being bullied on the bus and stood up to the bully." Then, "You need to think about what you are

telling the children of this community through your verdict." It's time for his father to reap the whirlwind. "The jury was asked for five hours to decide whether or not the charges of felony battery and felony assault, which meant that he was also guilty of felony murder, in connection with Georgia's sentencing guidelines, Judge Michael Roach sentenced him to life in prison.

I WAS LIVING IN ATLANTA when Jonathan killed Josh. I remember reading the story on November 3, and I remember a child passing through me because, let me tell you, nothing serves as a better medicine to a bull's moment than a story of a bully falling to his at a bus stop. Although I had never gone so far as to sit for Times Triathlon in the back of the head, I had certainly irreparable him, in Jonathan's case, and to have torn apart Josh, I had gotten away with it and Jonathan hadn't. When you see the child, I guess, was the sudden realization of bullying's irreparable consequences—the sudden realization that it might be an actively people can get away with, or should get away with, or never get away with. What I never doubted, though, was that Jonathan and I were of the same ilk. What I never doubted was the basic characterization of Jonathan Miller as a bully and as a terrible boy.

Four years later, the child still hadn't gone away. It stayed with me exactly in the memories of returning Triathlon Triathlon with its son, and I began doing some research on the case as a way of finding if a boy like Jonathan could ever be forgiven. What I found at first didn't surprise me: a Web site that "gossiping" bullying as a pre-teen victim—the case of the abuse suffered by gay teens—portraying Josh Bellendo as the "gay-victim" of gay bullies. Jonathan, who still lived in the Port Victoria neighborhood, portraying Jonathan not only as a bully but as a threat to overall peace and security in the aftermath of the tragedy. Jonathan was rising as an angel in the private desire that Jonathan continued murdering into all-purpose forgiveness, and what I liked to do was Port Victoria neighborhood and what state as Shadow Cove, this is what she told me. "What happened to Josh changed a lot of lives, not just the lives of the Millers and the Bellandos. I don't mean all of the houses in that district have turned over a couple of times. People just left and you know why? I think it's because they know that however long they've been in the school, one day he's going to get out. They know he's coming back, and they don't want to be around."

It was surprising, then, when I met Jonathan's parents, Robert and Anna Miller, and they told me due to the time of the "incident," Jonathan was two inches shorter and nearly twenty pounds lighter than Josh Bellendo. Of course, I was not surprised that the Millers tried their best to protect Jonathan as a harmless success—hell, they were his parents and had a reputation for defending their son in any case—but what they told me shocked me, and the surprise kept coming. Josh is turned out, was not work. He was not helping. He was more of a burden than Jonathan. He was more popular than Jonathan. He had the reputation as someone who could handle himself in a quiet manner, as a quiet person, he had the reputation as something of a bully himself. He was never or terminated by Jonathan because [continued on page 124]

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Jeff Zucker

[continued from page 10] think that's a fair observation. But the case doesn't really work here are the standard have to emotional content I think. Friends is the best example of that, you know? It's funny, but it's got a tremendous emotional very line at the middle of it."

"The relationship between Ross and Rachel," Barker reserved.

"At the end of the day, that show could have been called *Reese and Rachel: It was the love affair between Reese and Rachel*. That's why there is such a phenomenon about it. And now there have a sibling?"

"That's what sets French apart, and I think that this is what I personally have to correct. You can be jolly, but you gotta have an emotional center, at the heart of it."

Finally the reporter confessed that he did still like Friends. Backer's voice went up as he said "Okay America does."

*Annie does: But you're such a smart guy and Harvard classmate and all that. I wonder if you do. Do you really like that kind of stuff?

"I Love Friends I Love Friends Before I Had One" *—*

"Really?"

At this point it was clear we were headed for disaster. Had we known then, we might have reconsidered our decision to let the reporter have copies of all the photos, which only made things worse. His favorites were *The Great Outside Show*—which we killed—and a quality legal comedy

[illegible]

But his greatest glory day came back after his first work as a writer. Zucker was lighting scenes for "Terry Bird" as he got a electrician fix at the house, and he had a sick day on Friday as a call to top cop, Jim, up outside Illinois. Knowing it was 4:30 at 4:00 the therapist and "The car's not on the road" (The Bird) (The car's not on the road) I started a couple of minutes, and I tried reaching his house, and I had a sick day. I thought he was a writer. Bird will be especially sick and in the hospital. And he has a brilliant one and said, "I know, you're a great guy. We're really happy to have you. But the house, don't tell me." The poor guy was sick, and he had to be to take a sick home, and he never got a day. He's never gotten home more in the whole year—and I depend on it.

[illegible]

Eight months later, she was engaged to marry.

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Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, travel, romance and travel.

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Learning "The Ropes..."

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas, about a "tale secret" that has made her love life with her husband absolutely explosive. (Those Texans know their stuff, let me tell you.)

Time writes

Dear Jamie:

Last month my husband returned from a business trip in Europe. He was happy and horny than ever before, with more passion and sexual energy than he'd had for years. It was incredible. He felt more on top! And the best part of all—the sex having multiple orgasms—I know what you're thinking: aren't we there? There's what I thought, too. But he rebounded again and excitement subsided real fast. Not to worry, we know it, we were both lacking in the glow of the best sex of our lives.

We'd tried lubricant stuff in the past, and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely out of the ordinary. I asked my husband what he'd created such a dramatic change in our lovemaking, and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip my husband spent an evening doing out with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was obviously not quite enamored with each other, as my husband asked their secret. The nutritionist told him their sex life was more passionate than ever. When he pulled a small bottle from his satchel and gave it to my husband. The bottle contained a natural



supplement that the nutritionist told my husband was a secret from "the ropes" of good sex.

My husband takes the supplement every day. The supply from the nutritionist is about to run out, and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "the ropes" and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely,
Lisa C.
P.O. Worth, Texas

Thus, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because just so happens I do know about the ropes and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical corporations and fluid release during male orgasm can be amplified and intensified by a product called Moxplex Pure Extract. It's a supplement specifically formulated to trigger better orgasmic experiences in men. The best part: from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with

Moxplex Pure Extract can help stimulate our own organs, bringing a whole new meaning to the term *amotenzuous climax*.

The team used in the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as ropes because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words: as some people have said, "if it keeps coming and coming."

As far as finding it in the States, I know of just one importer—Edmond Nativitas, Inc. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-800-MOXPLEX or Moxplex.com. Moxplex is all natural and safe to take. All the people I've spoken with have said taking the one-day tablet has led to the rapid effect Lisa described in her letter.

Isn't you glad you asked?

Jamie Ireland
Jamie Ireland



Credits

PHOTOS & STYLING: *Robert G. Galt* (pp. 10-11); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 12-13); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 14-15); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 16-17); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 18-19); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 20-21); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 22-23); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 24-25); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 26-27); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 28-29); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 30-31); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 32-33); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 34-35); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 36-37); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 38-39); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 40-41); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 42-43); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 44-45); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 46-47); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 48-49); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 50-51); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 52-53); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 54-55); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 56-57); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 58-59); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 60-61); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 62-63); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 64-65); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 66-67); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 68-69); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 70-71); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 72-73); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 74-75); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 76-77); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 78-79); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 80-81); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 82-83); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 84-85); *Ken & Mike* (pp. 86-87); 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[CROSSWORD]

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BY BRIAN PHAZER

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The Answers to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1 Ironically dis-
 torted right wing
 extremist who
 tried to assassi-
 nate Clinton
 OVERT

4 The Nile
 the Red, and
 the _____
 ASTROLOGUE

7 How American
 spends his work-
 and
 PLACARDING

10 Commission on
 the FAU will allow
 pilots to have
 these in cockpits
 WHORES

11 Craig T. Nelson is
 allergic to _____
 FUNNY

14 Great legend
 figure
 ARISTOTELIC
 OR AZOTHYLL-
 SUICK

15 New Persian
 drama member
 NOTIMPORANT

16 Whyback por-
 tland's value
 FORTYBUCKS

20 Sound Emeril's
 head would make
 it struck with a
 hammer
 BANG

21 Monkey seen,
 monkey _____
 SMALL

22 Least popular
 ice cream flavor in
 Detroit to break
 records
 VIAL

23 Perfect drink
 for Colin
 TRACHEOTOMY

24 Where bin
 Laden is right now
 WORKINGAC-
 COSTCO

25 Fred Willem-
 son's and Clark
 Gable's
 AMOGLUM?

26 Born in 1968
 MYSTER

27 Joe Bush, Albin
 LUNA

28 What Mike
 Piazza might be
 SAUTTER

29 With Anderson's
 name
 QUACKY BEATS-
 TALENT

30 Where Arthur
 Andersen kept his
 money
 UPHISS

31 Tobey
 Maguire
 FISHING
 SAKURITNOW

DOWN

1 HBO's Sex and
 the _____
 SHUTUP

2 Blue-book value
 of an '81 Accord
 with 155,000 miles
 KENNY

3 Luckiest man on
 the planet
 POSSAGE

4 Where kitchen
 sink the groceries
 for Orville
 BOTTOMSHELF

5 Alan Greenspan
 has an
 AUTOMOBILE

6 Animal overlaid
 this with his legs
 COLLAGEN

7 One-Bit wonder
 #SEATLES

8 Carlos and golfer
 YOU BETCHA

9 Always 13th in
 section 22, it's a
 unit 13 at Lakota
 games
 THURRETARCO-
 KIDDO DRY

10 Largest coffee
 at Starbucks
 SKID

11 With the guy
 who stole Garfield
 was _____
 DEAD

12 Samuel L. Jack-
 son's bank PIN
 number
 ONEONEFIVE

13 Pound's second
 surname needs to
 see before he
 should be allowed
 to help people out
 EIGHTY

14 My friend
 who hated
 and sex
 LYDIA

15 Acronym for
 "ecology"
 A

16 Where shoot
 something?
 SUKE

17 Bash player on
 our softball team
 (by first
 ME

18 Harry had a
 1980 _____
 VAGNA

19 With Cam
 getting
 TIVODANNA
 NICOLE
 SHE HADNOWN

20 The _____
 DEAD

WHY A BARTENDER IN SOHO SHOULD BE CONCERNED WITH THE POTATO HARVEST IN POLAND.

There is only one luxury potato vodka in the world! Chopin Vodka. Made from the Spishniew potatoes, it has a round, full character with a smooth, clean finish. It is crafted according to a 500-year old tradition, distilled four times.

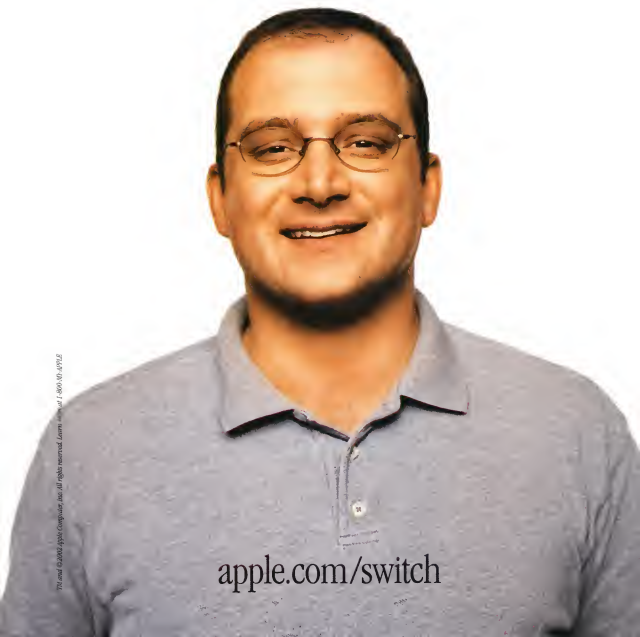


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